Chile and Argentina: Studies in Government by Terror

Saturday Review

April 2, 1977

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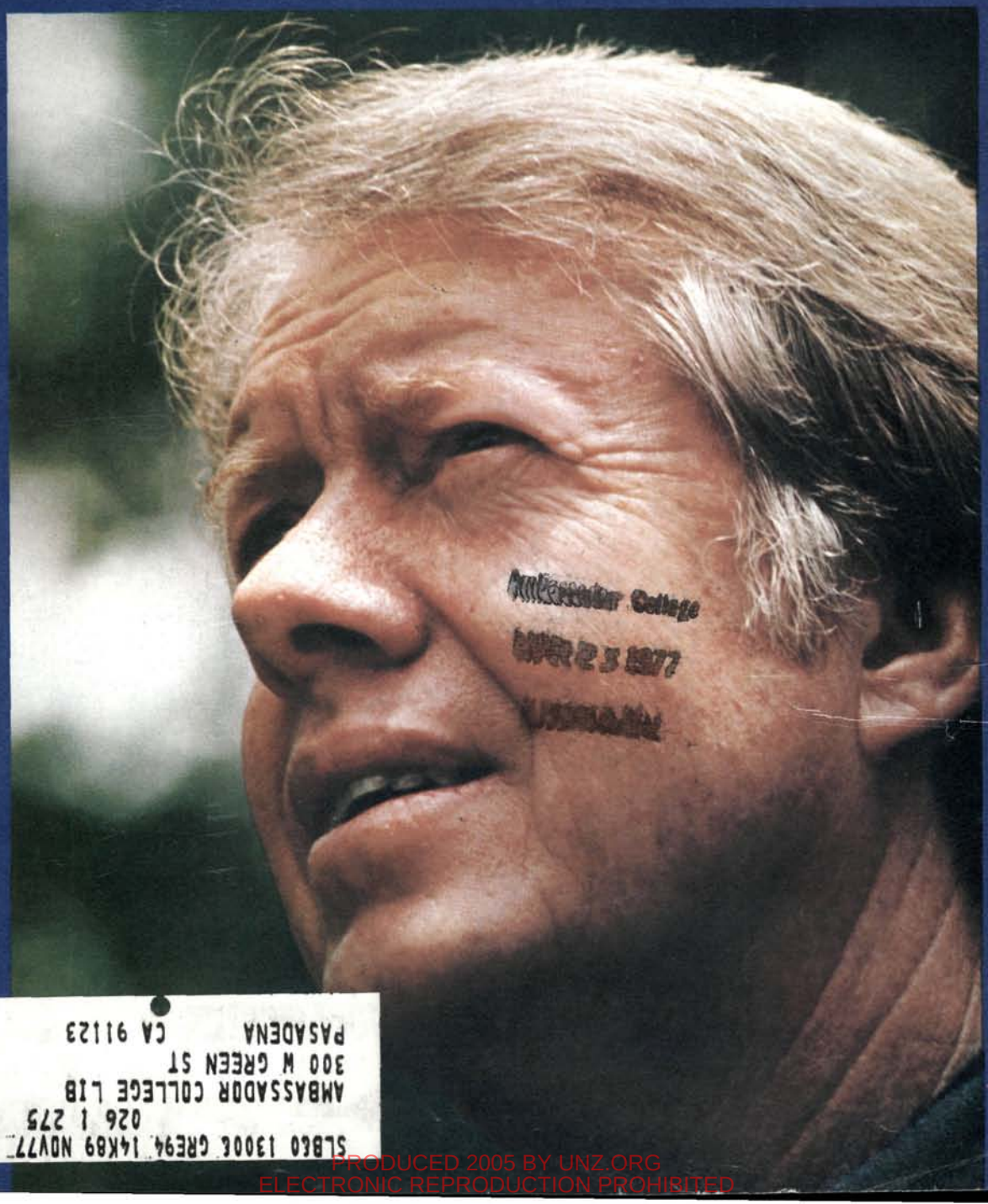
Carter and Human Rights

Can His Bold Initiatives Work?



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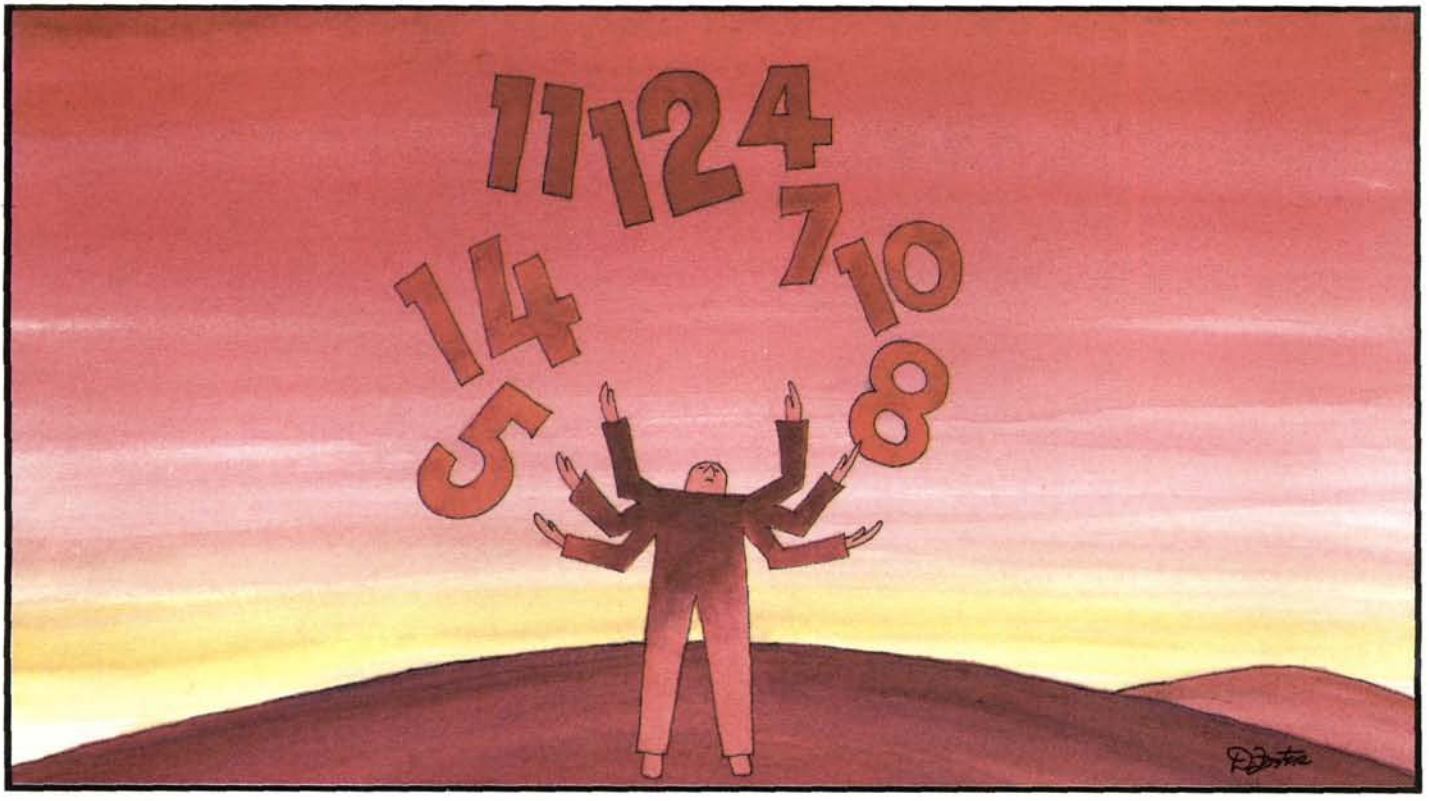

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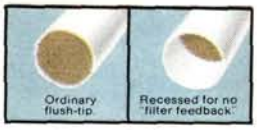

As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

10 mg. Kings
12 mg. 100's

More than just a low-tar number. Parliament.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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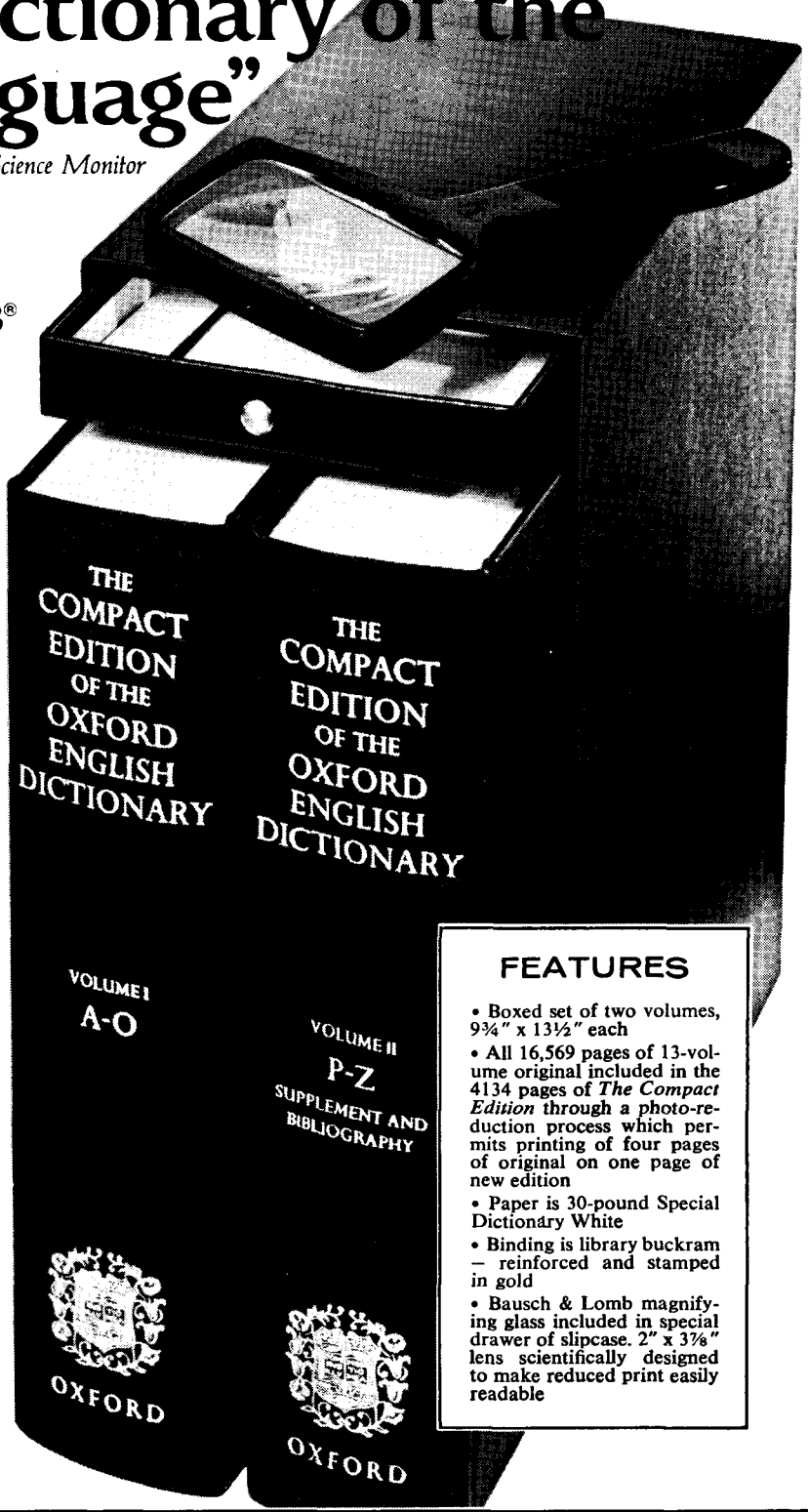
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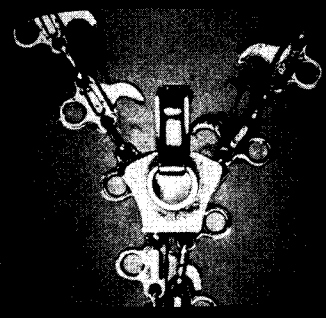

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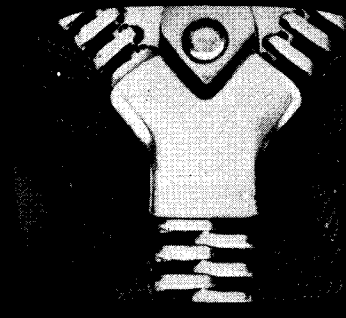
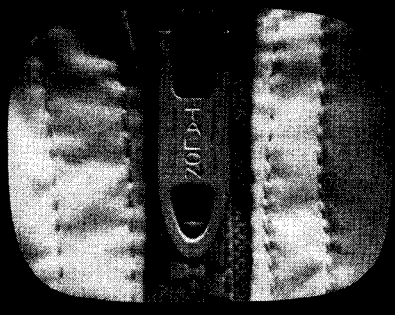
One man liked the idea...Louis Walker. He took a chance and started a company to make it.



But it took twenty years of struggle before the company had its first real success...the Hookless Fastener.



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and that's what we do at every division of Textron.

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Bribery and Human Rights

"People are never more insecure than when they become obsessed with their fears at the expense of their dreams. . . ."

THE editor and the star reporter of *The Washington Post*, Ben Bradlee and Bob Woodward, were recently called by President Carter for a private discussion. The President had learned from White House aides that the *Post* was preparing to publish a story revealing that the CIA had been making secret payments, amounting to millions of dollars, to heads of foreign governments. Of particular concern to the President was the effect of such a disclosure on the then imminent visit of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to Jordan for the purpose of holding key discussions with King Hussein. Since the king had been a recipient of the secret payments, the President feared that Vance's mission would be severely compromised by the disclosure.

Rather than make a direct request to kill the story, the President wanted to leave the decision to publish up to *The Washington Post*. In the event the *Post* decided to run the story, however, the President expressed the hope that publication would be delayed until after the meeting with King Hussein.

The *Post* decided to publish. President Carter then issued a statement deploring the failure of the media to respect confidentiality on sensitive government matters. He said that the disclosures were damaging to the foreign policy of the United States. Moreover, he defended the secret payments as "legitimate and proper" in the light of national-security considerations.

Two additional questions of public policy are posed by this incident. One concerns the propriety of the disclosures about the CIA by the press. The second concerns the moral and historical issues raised by the secret CIA payments.

On the first issue: *The Washington Post* did what it is supposed to do. Anyone who believes that a free press should not report to the American people on something as startling or outrageous as undercover payments to officials of other governments betrays a basic misunderstanding of what the press in a free society is all about. The secret payments are not chargeable to Jimmy Carter, since they were made before he came to office; but it is surprising nonetheless that he appears to be more concerned about the leaks than about the bribes. It was not *The Washington Post* that made the secret payments; it was the government itself. If the United States was embarrassed by the disclosures, the President should put the blame on the bribers—not on the press. Even if it were true that the main problem was caused by the disclosure and not the deed, the government would still have only itself to blame—for thinking that anything as reprehensible and asinine as making undercover payments to heads of state would not come out into the open sooner or later.

The President came to office on a high moral platform. A defense of undercover payments is hardly the way to build on that platform. Nor does the President strengthen himself or the nation by invoking national security as justification for corrupt practices. If it is proper for the United States to commit a breach in the name of national security, why is it not proper for the Soviet Union or Uganda to justify violations of human rights on the same grounds? The President deserves full credit for championing the cause of human rights in the world; but if he takes the position that national security is an acceptable excuse for secret payoffs, why is it not an acceptable excuse for denial of human rights?

The easiest way for a nation to destroy itself is to make national security the highest value. Indeed, people are never more insecure than when they become obsessed with their fears at the expense of their dreams, or when the ability to fight becomes more important than the things worth fighting for.

IT HAS been said, in defense of the secret payments by the CIA, that there is very little difference between allocating money publicly through our foreign-aid program and giving money under the table to heads of state. The trouble with this argument is that a basic distinction must be made between public payments to governments and secret payments to individuals. A public payment to a government is within the law. A secret payment to an individual is outside the law. Money given secretly to an individual can be used for personal purposes. The Japanese government has experienced a major crisis because of Lockheed's secret payments to officials. Why do such payments become "proper" just because an undercover U.S. agency does the paying? If there is nothing improper about international bribery, why is the U.S. Department of Justice now investigating payments by the South Korean government to members of the United States Congress? Is law something that can be expanded or contracted to meet any given situation?

Things have to be called by their right names. A secret payment to an individual is outside the law. The CIA has been engaged in bribery. There is no way under the Constitution to use public funds in this manner. What is worse is the fact that the President of the United States has defended the practice.

It is possible that the President was poorly advised and that he acted hastily. If so, it is not too late to put things in order. The President should take the United States out of the business not just of bribery but of subversion, assassination, and all the other covert operations that do more violence to our history than harm to our adversaries. President Carter's agenda for America is too important to be jeopardized by a defense of the indefensible.

—N.C.

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Letters from Readers

The Abolition of Christmas Cards

Readers of this magazine may recall my earlier communications about Congressman A. F. Day of California, whose proposed items of legislation, if enacted, would have produced incalculable injury or injustice to large segments of the American populace, especially those whose basic welfare is tied to regular visitations to golf courses.

Congressman Day now has 37 members of the House of Representatives as co-sponsors of a bill that would have the effect of abolishing Christmas cards and substituting a computerized registry that, he contends, would annually save the American people many millions of dollars.

The core of the argument is not without merit. Congressman Day believes that Christmas cards have become a soulless form of social tyranny, resented by the sender and often ignored by the receiver. He has calculated that, in an average year, 87,000 tons of paper are consumed in the manufacture of Christmas cards. He is disturbed by the fact that, at a time when our forests are being rapidly depleted, the American people cut down 2,141,000 trees last year in order to accommodate a convention that most people, if asked anonymously, would prefer not to sustain. Moreover, the postage bill alone for Christmas cards in 1976 came to $130 million.

Almost half the Christmas cards sent in 1976 carried no signatures or handwritten messages of any kind. The names of the senders were printed on the cards. The procedure was as personal (and meaningful) as popcorn coming out of a vending machine.

Congressman Day recognizes, of course, that the custom has gone on for such a long time that any single individual is hesitant to defy it, lest friends attach mistaken significance to the absence of his or her cards in the Christmas mail. Both sender and recipient, therefore, are locked into a grim game that no one particularly appreciates, but that all must play because the onus applies to the person who takes the first step in withdrawing from it.

Congressman Day has come up with a scheme that he believes is ecologically valuable and socially workable. His bill (H.R. 9713A) would establish a national computerized Christmas greeting registry.

The steps in the process are very simple.

First, Christmas cards would be abolished by law.

Second, a national computerized Christmas greeting registry would be created by an Act of Congress.

Third, each individual who wished to save the expense of mailing Christmas cards would simply send a list of names of the intended recipients to the computerized Christmas card registry. A nominal charge of $3.50 would cover the cost of registering up to 100 names. Additional names could be registered at the same rate: $3.50 per hundred. These names would then be computerized into a master print-out.

Fourth, those who wished to know what cards they would have received, and from whom, would have only to write to the Christmas greeting computer registry, enclosing $5.00. They would receive computerized print-outs of the names of all persons who wished them well at Christmas and the New Year and had paid to have this information recorded.

Fifth, the print-out sheet would have your own name and address in the upper left-hand corner, immediately below which, in prominent and underlined type, would be this heading:

HERE IS A LIST OF NAMES OF ALL THOSE PERSONS GREETING YOU AT CHRISTMAS AS WELL AS WISHING YOU WELL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Sixth, if you wished to reciprocate by returning the Christmas and New Year's greetings the following year, it would not be necessary to save last year's print-out. You would need only to instruct the registry to send your greetings to all those who "sent" you greetings the previous year.

Seventh, a significant feature of the plan is that any individual could have his or her name removed confidentially from the list of any sender for only fifty cents. The government would not divulge the names of any persons requesting such removal, but would inform the sender that he is entitled to replace a specified number of names because of anonymous withdrawals.

I recognize, as does A. F. Day, the artificiality and over-commercialization of Christmas, of which the greeting card with the printed name of the sender is such a deplorable manifestation. But the notion of computerized print-outs as a substitute is unhappily symbolic of the increasing de-humanization of our society. Bad as it is to chop down a tree, it is infinitely worse to assign to a computer those benevolent and warm impulses of spirit for which Christmastime provides such a needed and rare outlet.

I trust your editorial page will oppose H.R. 9713A and that your readers will not hesitate to urge their congressmen to vote against the bill.

K. Jason Sitewell
New York, N.Y.

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Carter and Human Rights

Can the President's bold initiatives improve the plight of millions of people ground down by tyranny?

by Stanley Karnow

"BECAUSE we are free, we can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere. Our moral sense dictates a clear-cut preference for those societies which share with us an abiding respect for individual human rights."

That statement by President Carter in his inaugural address signaled a new direction in American foreign policy. For it indicated that Carter is turning away from the posture of his predecessors and will now strive to encourage civil liberties wherever possible. Hardly had the Carter administration started to function, in fact, than it began to pursue that pledge. The administration subtly communicated its displeasure with a totalitarian client by spurning a request by South Korea that Vice-President Walter Mondale visit that country after his trip to Japan in January. At the same time, the State Department, discarding its characteristic timidity, denounced the Communist regime in Czechoslovakia for harassing writers, professors, lawyers, and other intellectuals agitating for liberal reforms. A few days later, a similar protest was sent to Moscow on behalf of Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet dissident who has been struggling against Kremlin repression. Carter went even further in early February by sending a personal letter to Sakharov in which he reaffirmed his determination "to seek the release of prisoners of conscience" and to "shape a world responsive to human aspirations."

But these gestures, though refreshing, raise the key question of whether the United States can realistically bring about "an abiding respect for individual human rights" in a world in which, according to a recent survey by Freedom House, more than 3 billion people, in 117 nations and 34 dependent territories, live under governments that are either completely or partly dictatorial.

The question is crucial. Public opinion polls show that Americans are more concerned by the challenge to human rights than by any other aspect of international affairs. Yet the same opinion polls show that Americans are reluctant to return to Woodrow Wilson's crusade for global democracy, or to John F. Kennedy's promise to "bear any burden" to foster freedom everywhere. Thus the Carter administration must devise strategies that fulfill the moral principles of the United States—but it must do so without resorting to idealistic hyperbole, or, at the other extreme, without plunging the nation into new Vietnams. The administration ought to proceed pragmatically, keeping in mind that different situations require different tactics, and that there are no simple formulas that will solve the problem of human rights rapidly. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance wisely stressed this point when he said soon after taking office that his approach would be neither "strident nor polemical" but "constructive."

What, then, can the United States actually do to improve the plight of millions of people ground down by tyranny?

It is senseless for Americans to believe that they can remold the world in their own image. Western institutions are alien to many societies, especially in Asia and Africa, and efforts to impose them in those areas have often resulted in caricatures of democracy that are meaningless. The United States ought to favor foreign governments that are responsive to their own citizens, even when those regimes bear no resemblance to the American model.

It would be equally futile for the United States to commit itself to the fight for civil liberties in countries where it lacks leverage. Americans can and should deplore atrocities in Uganda and Cambodia. But short of covert operations by the Central Intelligence Agency, which usually end in disaster, little can be done to affect the regimes in those places.

However, the United States does have the capacity to alter conditions in a number of countries, to a greater or lesser degree—depending on its relationship with them. It is on these countries that the Carter administration ought to focus its initial effort in grappling with the problem of civil liberties abroad. First, there are repressive governments, like those of South Korea and the Philippines, that count almost entirely on the United States for their survival. American pressure on them could be decisive. Second, there are unsavory systems such as those in Iran and South Africa. These rely to a lesser extent on the United States, but certain American actions could still bring about change in them. And finally, there are the Soviet Union and its Eastern European satellites, in regard to which U.S. options are limited, but in which even those limited options could have significant effects.

THE case of South Korea is particularly interesting, since it illustrates the issue of human rights in a country that is strategically vital to both the United States and Japan, the principal American ally in the Pacific. The question it provokes, consequently, is whether the United States would be taking a strategic risk by leaning on South Korean president Park Chung Hee to liberalize his regime.

South Korea, created by the partition of the Korean peninsula after World War II, has been a U.S. protégé for more than 30 years. The United States has spent billions of dollars to assure its existence, and 34,000 Americans died defending it against the Communists in the 1950s. A division of American troops is still stationed along the 38th parallel in order to discourage another North Korean invasion, and though President Carter has talked about withdrawing

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A syndicated columnist and a contributing editor of Newsweek International, *Stanley Karnow is the author of* Mao and China: From Revolution to Revolution.

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the U.S. force eventually, it is recognized that renewed conflict in the region would have a dislocating effect on Asia. It would, for one thing, heighten tensions between the United States, which is bound by treaty to back South Korea, and the Chinese and Russians, who underwrite North Korea. It would also prompt Japan to remilitarize, perhaps to the extent of building a nuclear arsenal, and that would further antagonize China and the Soviet Union, neither of which has forgotten its past clashes with the Japanese. So Korea is a tinderbox that could spark a huge conflagration.

South Korean president Park apparently calculated several years ago that the United States, fearful of instability in his country, would not interfere with his regime. His calculation was correct. In 1972, perceiving his popularity to be waning after a decade of relatively restrained rule, he dissolved the legislature and declared martial law. Since then, he has cracked down systematically on even the most benign critics of his government. Thousands of lawyers, writers, clergymen, students, teachers, and political figures are currently in jail or under house arrest, and they include both former president Yun Po Sun and Kim Dae Jung, who ran a close race against Park for the presidency in the last free election, held in 1971. William J. Butler, a New York lawyer who investigated the situation for Amnesty International a couple of years ago, reported that the torture of political prisoners was common. A former member of the South Korean legislature testified, for instance, that his torturers seared parts of his body with a flame as he hung upside down. A student was so badly battered that, when he was brought into court, he could sign a statement only with a toeprint. Other prisoners were subjected to electric shocks, beatings, and having water forced into their nostrils.

In defense of this repression, the South Korean authorities argue that they cannot afford to let down their guard because of the threat from the North. Liberalization of the regime, they contend, would make Communist infiltration easier. Under the Nixon and Ford administrations, the United States essentially bought this argument. American diplomats occasionally attempted to persuade South Korean officials to relax their domestic policies, but Washington never brought any real pressure to bear. The cynical State Department slogan, used to justify support for similar dictatorships in other times, was that Park Chung Hee "may be a son of a bitch, but he's *our* son of a bitch."

But putting moral considerations aside, there are practical reasons for the United States to use leverage to compel the South Korean government to reform. In the first place, continued repression will make it increasingly difficult for the South Korean government to rally its own people in the event of an attack from the North. And in this respect, the situation may come to resemble that in South Vietnam, where the government's credibility with its own population had eroded to such a point that the whole structure collapsed in the face of a Communist push in 1975. Even now, the image of South Korea is so badly tarnished that it is doubtful that the American public would back U.S. intervention should the North Koreans stage an offensive. This was borne out in a recent opinion poll that showed that a clear plurality of Americans believe it is "wrong" for the United States to support the South Korean dictatorship. The same poll disclosed that 46 percent of the American public would oppose U.S. military involvement to stop a Communist thrust against South Korea, while only 39 percent would favor such action.

Prague, 1968—"The invasion of Czechoslovakia gave

Representative Donald M. Fraser (D-Minn.), one of the most outspoken advocates of civil liberties in Congress, holds that the United States can do more than utter hollow pieties in its attempts to compel totalitarian countries to reform. He would enforce existing legislation under which the administration can reduce or withhold economic and military aid to regimes that violate human rights. In particular, Fraser would tighten up U.S. food assistance programs, which are frequently used by dictatorships to generate the local currency that finances their internal security operations. He would also cut off regimes that refuse to permit outside groups, like Amnesty International, to investigate their activities in the field of human rights.

Looking specifically at South Korea, which he terms a "hard question," Fraser submits that the United States must be prepared to withdraw its support unless the Park regime mends its ways. He stresses, however, that such a move ought to be taken in "full consultation" with Japan and carried out gradually. Underlying his proposal, of which other American specialists on Korea approve, is the conviction that Park Chung Hee has no real alternative to reliance on the United States. (In fact, concern that his support in Washington might slip undoubtedly prompted Park to instruct his agents to extend bribes to a number of American political figures recently. But the resulting revelations of South Korean corruption have only served to increase public apprehension in the United States about the Park government.)

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Pabel/Stern: Black Star

the Russians a black eye around the world."

A somewhat similar situation exists in the Philippines, where President Ferdinand Marcos and his wife, Imelda, have governed under martial law since late 1972. Marcos himself has admitted that more than 50,000 people have been detained at one time or another since his take-over. The current estimate is that some 6,000 are still in jail, and few, if any, of those have had trials. Former senator Benigno Aquino, the most prominent of the prisoners, has been held in solitary confinement ever since his arrest four years ago. Had not martial law been declared, Aquino would probably have defeated Marcos in a free election for president.

The Republic of the Philippines had a democratic government prior to the Marcos take-over, and in that sense it differs from most other Asian nations. Its democracy, the legacy of a generation of American colonial tutelage dating back to the turn of the century, was raw and rambunctious. Yet it promised to mature and mellow with time. The Marcos dictatorship seems to have wrecked that promise. Instead, it may fuel the growth of revolutionary extremists. Marcos is already trying to cope with Moslem insurgents in the southernmost islands and a smaller Communist guerrilla menace in the northern and central parts of the archipelago.

The United States has treated Marcos with kid gloves, partly because American business interests in the Philippines favor "stability," but largely because the Pentagon is concerned about its air and naval bases there. Knowing that the State Department's occasional wrist-slapping is only cosmetic, Marcos continues to govern as he pleases. But he may soon have to contend with more serious pressure if the Carter administration, spurred by the new mood in Congress, really places a high priority on human rights. Congressmen like Donald Fraser are beginning to argue that the American military installations in the Philippines are too high a price to pay for appeasement of the Marcos dictatorship, and that attitude is being echoed by younger members of the Carter entourage who believe that the President must stick to the words of his inaugural address. Thus the Philippines, along with South Korea and other U.S. clients that violate human rights, ought to be on the agenda as the administration integrates the issue of civil liberties into its foreign policy.

A COUNTRY like Iran is in a somewhat different category—not because its regime is less autocratic, but because its enormous oil resources make it less responsive to U.S. pressure. Even so, the Shah of Iran owes his existence to the CIA, which restored him to the throne in 1953, and he depends on the United States to sell him weapons. Consequently, there is a measure of American leverage that can be used in Iran. It has not been used. In a letter to Congress not long ago, the State Department said that "the United States has made no representation to Iran on human rights" because there is "insufficient reliable evidence to show . . . a consistent pattern of gross violations."

It is indeed difficult to accumulate "reliable evidence" on the state of human rights in Iran, since totalitarian regimes obviously do not welcome thorough investigations of their domestic activities. But Amnesty International, whose record on the subject is good, estimates that "several thousand" political prisoners are being held in Iranian prisons. The Shah and other spokesmen for the Iranian government insist that these people are "terrorists," but plausible reports indicate otherwise. Recently, for example, a group of writers was detained while preparing to stage a play by Maxim Gorki, who is presumably viewed by the Iranian authorities as a dangerous Communist propagandist. Reza Baraheni, an Iranian scholar who had been jailed by the regime, told a congressional committee last year that students had been arrested for reading Jack London, and that performances of *Hamlet* are forbidden since they deal with regicide, a topic of extreme sensitivity to the Shah. Baraheni, who testified that he was beaten while in jail, said that torture ran the gamut from electric shock to sexual abuse of women in order to force them to betray their families and friends. These activities are conducted under the auspices of SAVAK, the Iranian secret police, which is reported to have close CIA connections.

The United States cannot simply order the Shah to liberalize. But there are other means, both private and public, that can be employed. Congress, for instance, could attach strings to Iran's purchases of U.S. military equipment as well as tighten the conditions under which American corporations do business with the Shah. The CIA could be instructed to provide data on the violations of human rights, and the Carter administration could then make this information public. Organizations like Amnesty International could be encouraged to intensify their investigations. Iran, like South Korea, is important to American strategic interests. But as long as the Shah resists reform, his government will be a "one-bullet regime," scarcely a "politically stabilizing force" in the Middle East, as State Department officials refer to it.

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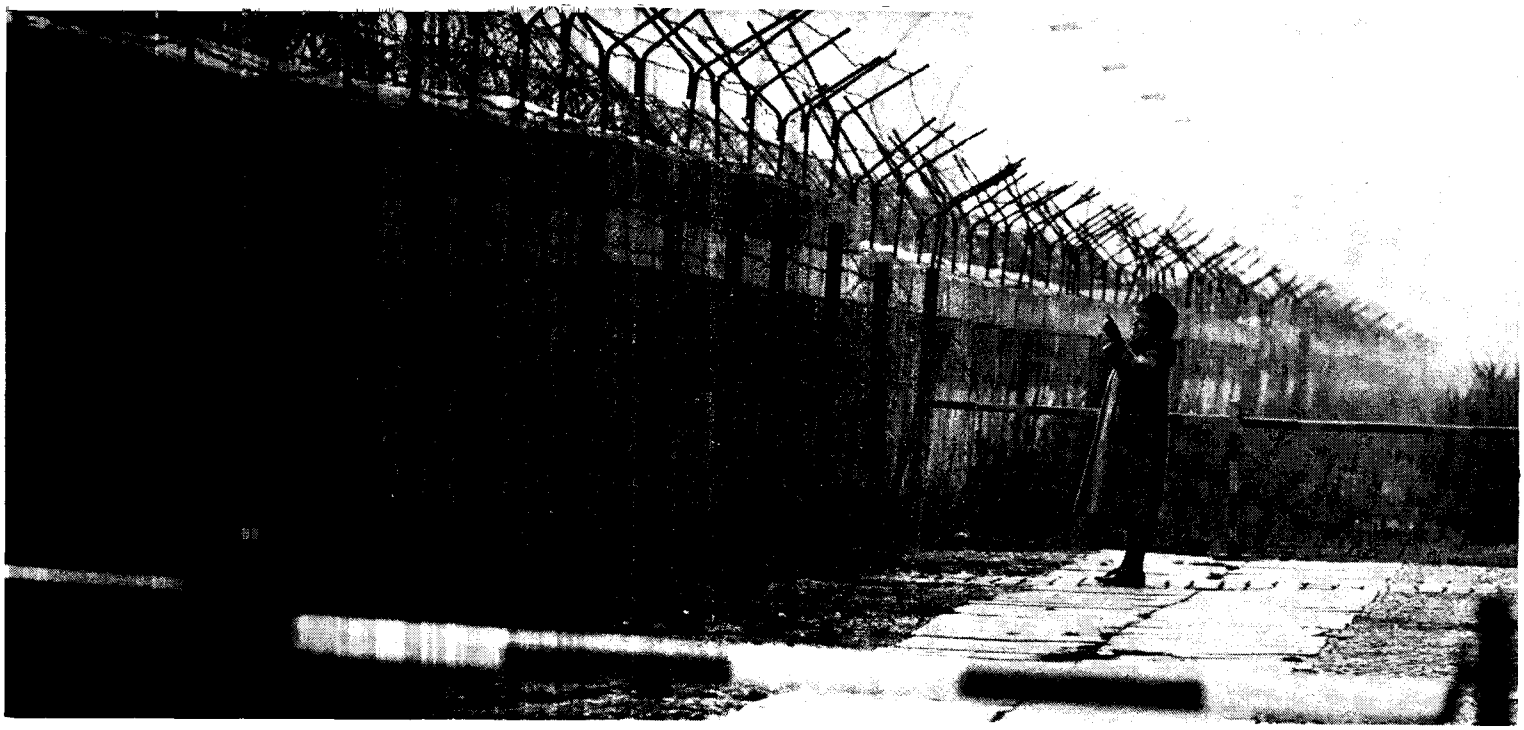

Dominique Berretty/Black Star

Berlin, 1977—"More than 100,000 East Germans have demanded the right to travel to West Germany."

A similar approach might have an effect on South Africa, whose violations of human rights mainly take the form of racial discrimination. As Professor John Marcum recently pointed out in an article in *Foreign Affairs*, the United States is deeply involved in South Africa through massive investments and trade. Marcum proposes that the United States "dissociate" itself from South Africa's policy of apartheid by means of two principal measures: first, by making American enterprises in that country a "force for social change" by persuading or compelling government and business leaders to adopt equal wage scales, pursue fair employment standards, and work with black labor unions; second, by linking future U.S. investment to progress in the patterns of South African social justice.

In different ways and to varying degrees, the same kinds of tactics could be applied to other countries in which the United States plays a role. The list of these countries is impressive. It includes Chile, Argentina, and Brazil; India and Indonesia; Malaysia and Thailand.

Another set of guidelines, meanwhile, must be shaped to deal with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

THE U.S. posture toward the Communist regimes behind the Iron Curtain has been peculiar over the years. Back in the days of the Eisenhower administration, the propaganda coming out of Washington made much of the "liberation" of Eastern Europe from Soviet control. But in 1956, when Russian tanks rolled into Budapest to crush Hungarians rebelling against the government, the United States did nothing to help the dissidents—except to provide asylum for those who managed to escape. Similarly, American support for the Czechoslovakian liberals who defied the Soviet Union in 1968 was more rhetorical than real. And later, the policy of détente pursued by President Nixon and Henry Kissinger appeared to many Eastern Europeans to signify that the United States had tacitly consigned their nations to the Soviet orbit. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, one of Kissinger's close aides, seemed to confirm this in a private memorandum describing the relationship between the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe as "organic." Within the past couple of years, however, a new situation has emerged in Eastern Europe, and it is forcing the United States to take a fresh look at the region.

During the summer of 1975, the United States, the Soviet Union, and 33 other nations from the West and from Eastern Europe met in Helsinki to discuss and sign an accord on European security. The Russians had pushed for the conference in the belief that it would authenticate their predominance in Eastern Europe, and in theory it did. But the agreement, which was signed by all those present, also contained a commitment by the Soviet Union and its satellites to implement such liberal measures as "wider travel by their citizens" and the "development of contacts in the various fields of culture, especially among creative artists." That commitment, known as the "third basket" of the agreement, seemed at the time to be abstract. Lately, however, it has assumed a concrete meaning.

The signatories of the Helsinki agreement are scheduled to meet in Belgrade this June to discuss, among other topics, the progress made in the realm of human rights since the original conference. In anticipation of that meeting, dissenters throughout Eastern Europe have been surfacing, evidently in order to publicize their plight and put the repressive regimes in the region on the spot. The regimes have reacted in various ways:

- The dissident movement in the Soviet Union has consisted of two distinct but interrelated elements. One is composed of Jews and ethnic Germans, most of whom simply want to emigrate; the other consists of intellectuals, like Andrei Sakharov and others, who are trying to bring about internal reforms mainly through a combination of outside pressure and their own efforts. The authorities last year allowed 15,000 Jews and 10,000 Germans to leave the Soviet Union, but the Kremlin has been unyielding toward the intellectuals. Several have been arrested on charges ranging from terrorism to illegal currency operations; others have been hospitalized for "psychiatric" treatment.

The crackdowns, however, are backfiring. The Italian and

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French Communist parties, for example, have criticized the Soviet regime for its harshness, and the Carter administration has openly expressed sympathy for the dissidents, further indicating that it has no intention of muffling its concern for human rights in order to make headway with the Kremlin on arms control and other issues. Experts are divided over the wisdom of this approach. Some say that it will stiffen Soviet intransigence. Others contend that it will strengthen the hand of liberal Kremlin officials who are worried about the Soviet image abroad. Most specialists agree, though, that the problem has stimulated a debate within the Soviet establishment—and that debate at least stands a chance of producing positive results.

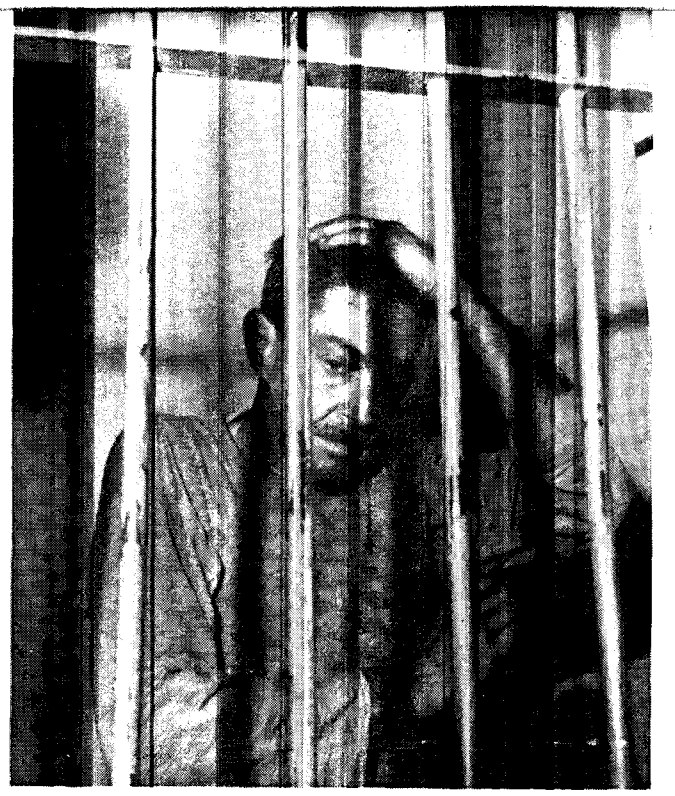
• Except for dissent inside the Soviet Union, nothing annoys the Kremlin more than the agitation for civil liberties in Czechoslovakia. The Russians have always been sensitive to the Western liberal tradition in Czechoslovakia, and they fear that it might contaminate other parts of Eastern Europe. They also remember the summer of 1968, when their invasion of Prague, designed to stifle a flexible government, gave them a black eye around the world. Dissidence is again on the rise in Czechoslovakia, and though it is limited to some 300 intellectuals, it may nonetheless trigger another crisis for the Kremlin.

The movement for human rights has U.S. support, and the Russians realize that a repetition of their 1968 action would sour their relations with the Carter administration at a time when they are eager to move forward toward better strategic-arms and economic deals with Washington. At the same time, however, Moscow worries that Czechoslovakian dissidence could be contagious. Thus Carter's stated policy has already contributed to the Soviet dilemma —and that is something of an accomplishment.

• The current tumult in East Germany is probably more significant than any popular movement there since the exodus that led to the construction of the Berlin Wall in 1961. Unlike the agitation in the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia, the ferment in East Germany is being stirred by more than 100,000 people demanding that the regime allow them to travel to West Germany under the terms of the Helsinki agreement, which calls for freedom of movement. The East German government has so far been able to contain the ferment, partly by arrests and partly by refusing to grant exit visas. But the problem is symptomatic of the fact that the government's hold over its own citizens is tenuous, and it is likely to become increasingly fragile.

• The dissidence in Poland is even more widespread, stemming as it does from both the unhappiness of workers dissatisfied with economic conditions and the resistance of the Catholic Church to the excesses of the regime. In Poland, however, the government has been tactically supple. It has clamped down on price increases, stepped up the production of consumer goods, and allowed a certain measure of private business and farming. It has also shown a degree of clemency toward the alleged organizers of recent riots by workers demanding rights for labor. The feeling among specialists on Eastern Europe is that the Polish government is learning to live with its domestic adversaries, and that it will tolerate them as long as they do not push for too much reform.

• Hungary is the most relaxed country in Eastern Europe, and Romania and Bulgaria are the toughest. Not long ago, for instance, a group of Hungarian intellectuals spoke out in support of the dissenters in neighboring Czechoslovakia, and they were spared arrest; a Romanian writer who recently criticized his government while on a visit to Paris received instructions not to return home. Yet some experts feel that even Romania and Bulgaria may not escape the present trend toward liberal dissidence. In Romania, a group of nine dissidents recently published an appeal to the signatories of the Helsinki accord, asking for their help in winning more respect for human rights. It was the first time since the end of World War II that such an appeal has been openly issued in that country.



The other face of Brazil—"Linking future U.S. investment to progress in patterns of social justice."

The Soviet government and its East European satellites have reacted to the new, vocal American posture by warning that intervention in their internal affairs could damage relations with the Carter administration. These warnings were predictable. They ought not deter the President. He should make it clear, however, that his purpose in speaking out is not to threaten the Soviet Union or any other country, but to define and broadcast an American attitude. He should, too, plainly state that the United States will press to improve the human condition among its own clients.

ONE U.S. official in Washington contends that a "global human rights crisis" is now developing. If so, the Carter administration's statements on the subject may be just the beginning of a number of positions it will have to adopt to deal with that crisis. Those positions will be complicated by the fact that the United States, as a world power, must also pursue its diplomatic and military objectives, and these sometimes clash with a concern for human rights. The realistic conduct of foreign policy, therefore, will not be easy. But the United States must make it known that it stands for more than naked power, and that its original principles, once an inspiration to men everywhere, have not been forgotten. The repercussions of such a stance could be revolutionary—and, in that sense, truly American. ◉

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Augusto Pinochet has modeled his regime after that of Chile's nineteenth-century dictator Diego Portales—who was shot by his own men for "degenerating into a tyrant"

by Nicholas E. Román

Santiago

UNDER Augusto Pinochet's U.S.-backed dictatorship, Chile has become a graveyard of dreams—a far cry from the glistening new nation the people were promised in 1973, when the junta staged its bloodstained coup d'etat.

Today, Chile's economy is foundering, persecution is unending, and terror and torture are touching more and more families. Though there is hope for the future in the growing restiveness and anti-junta rumblings here, Chile's short-term outlook seems bleak indeed.

How did a once fairly prosperous, fairly democratic country—with nonpolitical military traditions—come to such a sad pass? The answer is, of course, the junta and its slightly improbable strong man, General Pinochet. A posturing, Franco-venerating karate buff, Pinochet presides over Chile's slow decline and fall like some bestriding colossus; a colossus only too aware that statues may be toppled. It is that awareness that is behind the general's infamous Constitutional Acts of 1976—the legal underpinning of his barbarous regime—which are merely the lengthened shadow of the man and his outlook.

The awful state powers spelled out in the Constitutional Acts are exercised fully, even enthusiastically. For example, a common concern among the resident foreign diplomats—some friendly to the junta and others not—is the increase in the number of people arrested "without witnesses" off the streets of Santiago. Last August, for example, three out of every four known arrests were made without witnesses. And if past experience is a guide, about 50 of those arrested by the police without witnesses will never reappear alive.

Such a case is that of Marta Ugarte, a Communist and former secretary in the State Distribution System of the Allende government. She disappeared in early August. Repeated habeas corpus appeals by her family did not produce a positive answer from either the courts or the junta as to her whereabouts. Six weeks later, police were still "investigating" what newspapers called "the work of a sadistic killer." The body of Marta Ugarte was found on a secluded beach north of the city. The girl's ribs were broken—all of them—as were one of her arms and a leg. Barbed wire was wrapped around her neck.

Stephen Shames/Black Star

Augusto Pinochet—"Presiding over Chile's decline like some bestriding colossus."

Another case concerned a key employee of a United Nations agency who was known to be a teetotaler. He died, according to junta reports, because his car ran off the road into an irrigation ditch while he was driving "under the influence of alcohol." An autopsy reported that the man had died as a result of repeated blows to the head and body.

And the terror extends abroad. It is not lost in many circles of Santiago that, not long after the suspicious death of the U.N. employee, a bomb killed Orlando Letelier, the former Chilean ambassador to the United States, in Washington. Letelier had also served as former president Salvador Allende's foreign minister, as his interior minister, and, at the time of the coup in which Allende was killed, as his defense minister. Letelier was actually a conservative who was a member of the Socialist party. He had served in the 1960s as a director of the Inter-American Development Bank. Thus his criticisms of the junta, primarily in economic

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Nicholas E. Román is the pseudonym of a journalist living in and reporting from Latin America.

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TUDIES IN GOVERNMENT BY TERROR

The junta of Videla, Massera, and Agosti has sworn to kill every guerrilla and suspected leftist sympathizer in Argentina—and it is doing just that

by Richard O'Mara

Buenos Aires

AT FIRST glance, Buenos Aires would not appear to a tourist to be the scene of a political crisis. Its streets, as always, teem with elegant women and well-tailored men. The shops on Calle Florida are busy, and the coffeehouses, cafés, and cinemas on Avenida Corrientes and Calle Lavalle are jam-packed until the small hours. But there are more policemen visible; they travel in threes. Each wears a wary, nervous look, reflecting that fearful expectancy that has become the burden of all who live here.

An observant visitor might also notice an inordinate display of weaponry. Guns are everywhere: machine-gun barrels protrude from the iron hides of cruising armored cars. Pistols swell like abscesses under the arms of bodyguards and plainclothesmen stalking the streets. Arms are displayed in the most casual manner, as if the mere showing of them will intimidate the guerrilla who, the military is convinced, lurks on all sides. (A friend recalls: "I was standing on the curb on Avenida Corrientes when this Ford came up. The next thing I saw was this big black gun barrel waving at me. He was using it to signal a turn.")

Over behind the rambling pink presidential palace, next to the Plaza de Colon, a small soldier stands under a huge tree. He has a sad, immovable Indian face, and in his arms he cradles an automatic rifle. He is guarding the defense ministry. Affixed to the portable barricade that separates him from the people strolling along the Paseo de Colon is a sign: DO NOT PASS THE BARRIER OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE.

The explicitness of the warning, its nakedness, reflects the thinking of General Jorge Videla, Admiral Emilio Massera, and Brigadier General Orlando Agosti, the three men who comprise the military junta that rules the country. Quite simply, they intend to kill every guerrilla in Argentina. And the more zealous among their minions seem determined to kill everyone who even sympathizes with the guerrillas or expresses the kind of leftist or Marxist thought that activates them. Since March 1976, ten priests, suspected of spreading leftist propaganda, have been murdered. More than 30 journalists have been kidnapped or killed, and no one knows how many lawyers, leftist politicians, artists, and writers have met the same fate.

UPI

Jorge Videla—"A country in which 'drastic situations require drastic remedies.' "

One must be careful about what one writes or says in Argentina these days, and because of that, the ironies multiply: EUDEBA, the big Argentine publishing house, issued an exaggerated denial that it had signed a cultural exchange agreement with the Soviet Union. A EUDEBA spokesman explained that such an agreement was unthinkable because in the Soviet Union people are not allowed to express opinions contrary to those of the government.

International organizations concerned with human rights, such as Amnesty International, criticize the Argentine government for the tactics it uses against the guerrillas; tactics that include arrest, torture, and summary execution of suspects. The people who do this filthy work belong to various military and police security agencies. There are 14 of these agencies, and occasionally, through inadvertence, stupidity, or merely jittery nerves, they wind up in public shoot-outs

Continued on next page

Richard O'Mara, former Latin-American correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, *is currently editor of the paper's Sunday "Perspective" section.*

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Chile *from page 12*

matters, carried weight in Washington and other capitals. He was active against the junta—so much so that ten days prior to his death, Letelier lost his Chilean citizenship through a decree signed by General Pinochet.

The junta blames the assassination of Letelier on Marxists seeking to discredit the regime. But others blame it on the junta's secret police working with exiled anti-Castro Cubans, longtime supporters of the extreme right in Chile—and of Pinochet.

PINOCHET today is in good physical shape and taller than the average Chilean. In contrast to the regular dull gray army officer's uniform, his finely tailored white uniform—with the red, white, and blue presidential sash running over his right shoulder and diagonally across his barrel chest—must be described as resplendent. He has a thin moustache and small eyes that emphasize his heavy eyebrows. His nose is that of a Roman (his family's roots, however, go back to France and not to Italy). On those rare occasions when he smiles, Pinochet is engaging.

While the general is fond of comparing himself to Francisco Franco, his acknowledged true idol and model is Chile's early-nineteenth-century strong man, Diego Portales. If the name is not a familiar one outside Chile, that is not surprising. Portales's theories were hardly original. He advocated creation of a centralized state power "to guarantee peace in the country and stability in the public administration."

But Portales's ideas matter today because they live on in the ideal of "authoritarian democracy" embraced by Pinochet and his claque. The trouble with those ideas originally, historian Luis Galdames notes, was that "in order [for Portales to create a centralized state power] it was necessary to put an end to the revolutionary spirit and to treat without pity those who disturbed public order and thus showed themselves implacable enemies of all progress." The results under Portales were, in short, not unlike those under Pinochet. And there is another parallel between the men—one, as we shall see, that may have ominous implications for the general: There are rumblings in the junta headquarters that Pinochet is *too much* in step with the old leader.

INEVITABLY, Pinochet and his fellow officers invoke, as justification for their policies, the sacred words "national security." It should, of course, be remembered that their teachers in this subject have been professors from the United

Argentina *from page 13*

with each other. (No one knows how many innocent bystanders have met their ends in these skirmishes between the so-called forces of order; they are not separately listed in the enumeration of guerrilla deaths.)

"What the government has done is to create its own terrorist force to combat the guerrilla," says one Argentine. That is true, and the government organizations have been successful, if success is measured by a steadily rising body count. They have thoroughly infiltrated the guerrilla movement and expect to break its back within a year.

SOME see what is happening in Argentina as the end of a long process that began with Fidel Castro's victory in Cuba, in 1959. That success inspired imitators throughout the South American continent. Castro provided guns, training, and moral support to his emulators in Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, Colombia, Uruguay, Bolivia, and Chile; but they were all beaten down. And now the guerrilla is being annihilated in Argentina, the last battleground in Latin America for the fading revolutionary Left.

General Videla and his cohorts look upon their campaign as one with international ramifications. They believe the guerrillas are part of a network that is spread throughout the continent, headquartered in Paris, and financed by the Soviet Union. At this point they probably do not care what the world thinks of them and their tactics. "The world does not understand," a government official says, "that drastic situations require drastic remedies."

But a few concerned Argentines are wondering: What will happen after the last guerrilla is dead? The kind of terrorist counter-guerrilla groups now operating in Argentina are not easy to disband. In Brazil, the government created similar squads of irregulars after it came to power in 1964, and it has not yet been able to break them up. Such

Fighting terror with terror—"Success against guerrillas

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States, where examples of decisions made and defended in the name of "national security" abound. In a speech last September commemorating the third anniversary of his overthrow of Allende, Pinochet showed that he had learned his lessons well.

"National security," he said, "is not only the protection of the territorial identity of the state, as traditionally accepted and understood, but most especially [it is the defense of] the essential values that make up the national soul or tradition. Because without these, the national identity itself would be destroyed."

To assure that Chile will survive "despite the weakening of the Free World's will against Marxism," Pinochet offered a solution without specifics—the creation of a *nueva democracia*. Chile, he said, would abandon the "liberal democracy" of its past, because it had proved too weak, incapable of confronting Marxism ("that intrinsically perverse ideology of permanent aggression"). Pinochet defined his *new democracy* as "a clear, solid, and vigorous doctrine that emanates from the juridical bases of the Chilean institutional system."

One couldn't help noting—without saying so aloud—that the "juridical bases of the Chilean institutional system" are now the executive (Pinochet), the legislature (the junta), and the judiciary (which is inoperative in the area of human rights so long as the "emergency," in effect since the 1973 coup, continues).

"Pinochet's position is keyed to his strength; and he has not hesitated to use his power. As he himself says: 'When the army comes out, it kills.'"

In that same speech, the general spoke of his new Constitutional Acts, which, he said, had been created "within a humanistic philosophy from Christian roots." No mention was made of elections. Education—and the right to teach—would no longer be free but would be directed by the state. Obligatory "primary" education was to be replaced by the requirement of only "a basic education," a term yet to be defined. To insure "national security," labor could not strike; compulsory arbitration was the new Constitutional Acts solution. Women were given equal rights with men—an innovation—but clarifying laws would be required to explain those rights. And new ground was perhaps broken for any constitution, anywhere: one section required children "to honor and to help their parents." (Can a minor,

Sara Facio/Gamma

as measured by a steadily rising body count."

organizations thrive only in a climate of repression, and when no real threat to the state exists, they create one. In Brazil, these groups still kidnap and torture, still uncover an occasional "Communist cell." They are fanatics who have frustrated every attempt by General Ernesto Geisel to liberalize the Brazilian regime. But that is another country, with a problem not yet arrived at here. Most Argentines are preoccupied only with the present; and it is probable that most of them support the junta's policy toward the guerrillas, though they might not approve of its tactics. The junta of Videla, Massera, and Agosti is not unpopular here.

That is not to say it will remain so. In Argentina, such governments come and go. Militarism is Argentina's enduring curse, and that calls attention to another irony: Argentines are the best-educated and most politically sophisticated people in all of Latin America; yet they are as far away as any from learning the knack for transferring power without turbulence or violence. Since 1930, only one president of Argentina has completed his mandated term of office. The country is rich in natural resources and self-sufficient in energy and food; yet Argentina is always in an economic fog, and at least one reason is its constant political instability. Some hold, in fact, that the guerrilla movement, which began in the mid-1960s and reached its full flowering in the early 1970s, was the product of a disillusionment that grew out of the country's unrealized potential; that one generation took up the gun to get the country off the dime.

WHY is Argentina so susceptible to militarism? There are differing opinions, but the flaw seems to me to reside in the people themselves rather than in the circumstances of their collective life. Generally, Argentines eat well, with beef as their staple. Their country has few intractable

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Chile *from page 15*

then, be required by law "to eat his spinach" or "to carry out the garbage"? Ah, here the Constitutional Acts are not clear.) It was also declared unconstitutional to act "against family life" (to commit adultery?), or to propose violence and class struggle (which to Pinochet means Marxism) or any *doctrines or ideas* that are "contrary to the regime."

Pinochet made clear his contempt for those who played into the hands of the "international Communist conspiracy" through their concern for the human rights "of a few," while he, Pinochet, was responsible for the defense of the rights of *all* Chileans. And he specifically warned the clergy (the Church is one of the junta's major irritants) to avoid the path being taken by " 'useful' idiots."

In the eventful months since that speech, I have been struck by the emergence of a surprising, previously unthinkable new attitude toward the junta. One can feel—even see and hear—a growing uneasiness about Pinochet. Formerly pro-junta diplomats, even those within the confines of the United States embassy, are beginning to complain bitterly against the military leadership. Former coup makers, in and out of the political parties that supported the military takeover, are back at their drawing boards and talking openly. More and more editors within the government-guided news media are not only questioning the junta's economic policy, but, for the first time, are speculating that civilian leadership is needed to assure political stability and freedom.

(On a Santiago street recently, I bumped into an old friend, an officer of the Chilean joint chiefs of staff, who reminded me, "Before the coup, I told you it would be a mistake for the military to take power. Our post should be in the barracks.")

The labor leaders who once fought Allende (with CIA backing, says a U.S. Senate investigating committee) are showing a determination to regain their freedoms. Those freedoms were lost not under Allende but under the military junta. And labor leaders are now fighting efforts by Pinochet to incapacitate the major unions, particularly those under leadership of the Christian Democrats and the outlawed Communists.

From clergymen and laymen close to the Roman Catholic

Argentina *from page 15*

social problems and no race conflicts. But Argentines have a maddening impatience when it comes to politics, and no evident willingness to muddle through in difficult times. Instead, when times grow hard, the people are ever willing to cut short their government's mandate and start over again with a new regime that, in turn, invariably fails to satisfy the unrealistic expectations generated around it. It is a vicious circle that discourages the development of civilian political leadership, produces corruption at all levels of government, and thus stimulates the disenchantment that leads to new turnovers. General Videla is the perfect example of the reluctant ruler called forth at a time of great stress.

Not too long ago, the general met with a group of foreign correspondents and described the Argentine malaise as one in which strong military governments were always replacing weak civilian ones. Some, however, would question whether these military governments are really strong at all. They are not durable, and durability is one important measure of strength. In fact, it is said here that the military is always in and out of politics; it is labor that stays on.

For that reason and many others, the labor movement may be the most powerful force in the country. Whether that power has been used over the years for good or ill depends on the place one occupies on the social scale. Certainly labor has vetoed more rational development plans than anyone can count, sunk more economy ministers than anyone cares to remember, and worn down virtually every government in the past 20 years by incessant demands for wages and other benefits. (England's militant Trades Union Congress, according to one old hand, "forever has delegations in the Argentine taking lessons in obduracy.") But the labor movement is also the most effective instrument for redistributing wealth in Argentina, and because of it, the Argentine worker has the best standard of living in Latin America and a sense of participation in the political life of his country—perhaps too much of a sense.

Argentina's trade unions were started by anarcho-syndicalist immigrants from Spain and Italy. They were weak urban industrial unions until Juan Perón swelled their ranks in the late 1940s and early 1950s by calling the peasants into the cities. During his first nine years in power, Perón used the unions as a weapon to hold the military at bay and to keep the country's once powerful industrial oligarchy intimidated. Perón is dead now, but the unions are still intact, their taste for power undiminished by the years. In all, they have 2.5 million organized members who serve as the vanguard for a total labor force of 5 million. The general labor confederation, the CGT, directs national strategy.

After the coup of March 1976, the junta took over the CGT. Then, several months later, a proposal was advanced by the Videla government that the labor central be abolished; that the labor movement's head be lopped off and its many parts allowed to shift for themselves. Soon after, the proposal was withdrawn. The junta probably realized, as had so many of its predecessors, that the army cannot run the country, drive the trucks, bring in the grain, or keep the lights on. Workers can be drafted, walked to the job behind bayonets, and their leaders jailed or shot. But eventually, military resolve gives way to the insistent, piecemeal resistance of the unions.

The number of strikes has increased in recent months in Argentina, an obvious sign of labor restiveness. More are inevitable as the government's anti-inflation measures begin to pinch at the lower income levels. In fact, what is happening is that the preliminary moves of the old confrontation between a military government and the labor movement are being played out again. It is a contest between the efficacy of brute power and that of manipulative power. And in the past, the unions have always won, if only because they have survived and the governments they were contesting have not.

General Videla and his colleagues were called forth in Argentina to suppress the guerrillas and pull together a disintegrating economy. There is little doubt that they are up to the task in regard to the first of those purposes. To achieve the other will require that the unions either be brought to heel or persuaded to restrain their wage demands for an extended period. General Videla does not appear to have either the determination or the persuasiveness to do it. ◉

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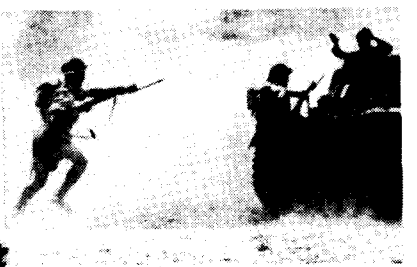

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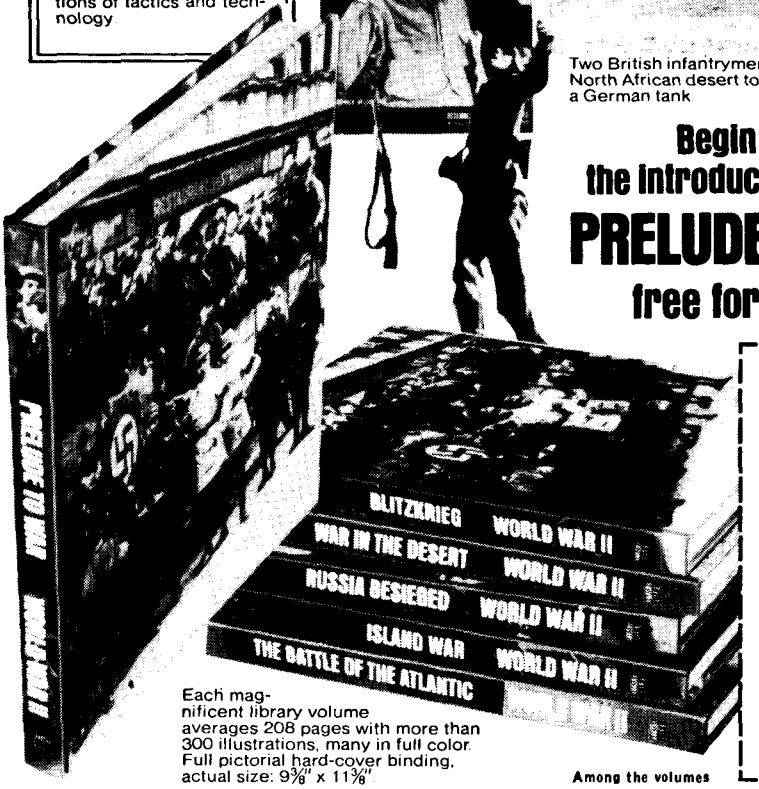
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Feeding the poor in Santiago—"Since the coup, the Church has been the voice of the oppressed."

Church, one hears concern over the Constitutional Acts. Since 1925, the Church has been independent and separate from the state. The Constitutional Acts compromise this independence and jeopardize the tax-free status of Church property. At the same time the Church's interests in education and communications are also under the threat of state control.

In fact, since the coup, the Church has been the voice of the oppressed. It is feeding tens of thousands, defending other thousands who have been detained, and trying to find the Chileans who have been disappearing at the rate of three a day in Santiago over the past three years. It is in direct contact with the workers. Its influence is growing. But the Church knows, say its leaders, that the alternative to Pinochet must come not from it, but from the people and the old political parties.

But the parties are in "recess." The most important political figure who is not imprisoned is Eduardo Frei, the former president who was active against Allende and who supported the junta take-over. He refuses to be interviewed. On the diplomatic circuit there is talk about "the alternative" that Frei is presenting in his new book. Frei, say the diplomats, is setting out the constitutional alternative to the military junta, defining the "rules of the game" for the future, and, most important, trying to reassure the armed forces that "vengeance and bloodshed" are not the aim of those seeking a change.

The election of Jimmy Carter was a blow to Pinochet. Reaction was quick from the Christian Democrats and others opposed to the regime, who began celebrating in anticipation of a hard-line policy by Carter against the military junta. Within twenty-four hours after confirmation of the election results, Frei was on a jet bound for "a series of meetings" in Atlanta, Georgia.

General Pinochet reacted a week later, authorizing the release of some 300 prisoners arrested, but held without charges, under the "state of siege." His order was welcomed, but many Chileans were wary of the move, calling it window dressing for Carter and the United Nations, which for a third time was discussing—and eventually condemning—violations of human rights in Chile.

Despite the many bench marks indicating a possible political reorganization in Chile, General Pinochet remains, without a doubt, the strong man in the armed forces. His position is keyed to his strength; and he has not hesitated to use his power in the past. As he himself says: "When the army comes out, it kills." As a man conversant with the martial arts, Pinochet is aware that an attack can often be repulsed by using the momentum of an adversary against him. He is confident; and he may well suppress easily—and ruthlessly—any challenge against his power to rule. Still, there are doubts. . . .

Pinochet considers himself a military history buff and an expert on geopolitics. So did his idol, Diego Portales. In the military academy in Santiago, young officers are taught that Portales was the best; that his error was in failing to explain his actions fully to the people. This was perhaps most true when Portales took Chile to war in 1836 against Peru (even today, whenever a Chilean officer talks of external threats, he looks toward Peru). It was an unpopular move that cost Portales his life.

But, as Pinochet and others know, it was not civilians who killed Portales and put an end to his seven years in power. Army mutineers, Portales's own officers, turned against him, made him kneel at dawn on June 6, 1837, at Valparaíso, while he was reviewing troops preparing to embark for Peru, and fired two volleys into his body to end his life—because he had "degenerated into a tyrant." Portales was at the seat of power for seven years. Who is to say that Pinochet will fulfill his boast to rule for a generation? ◉

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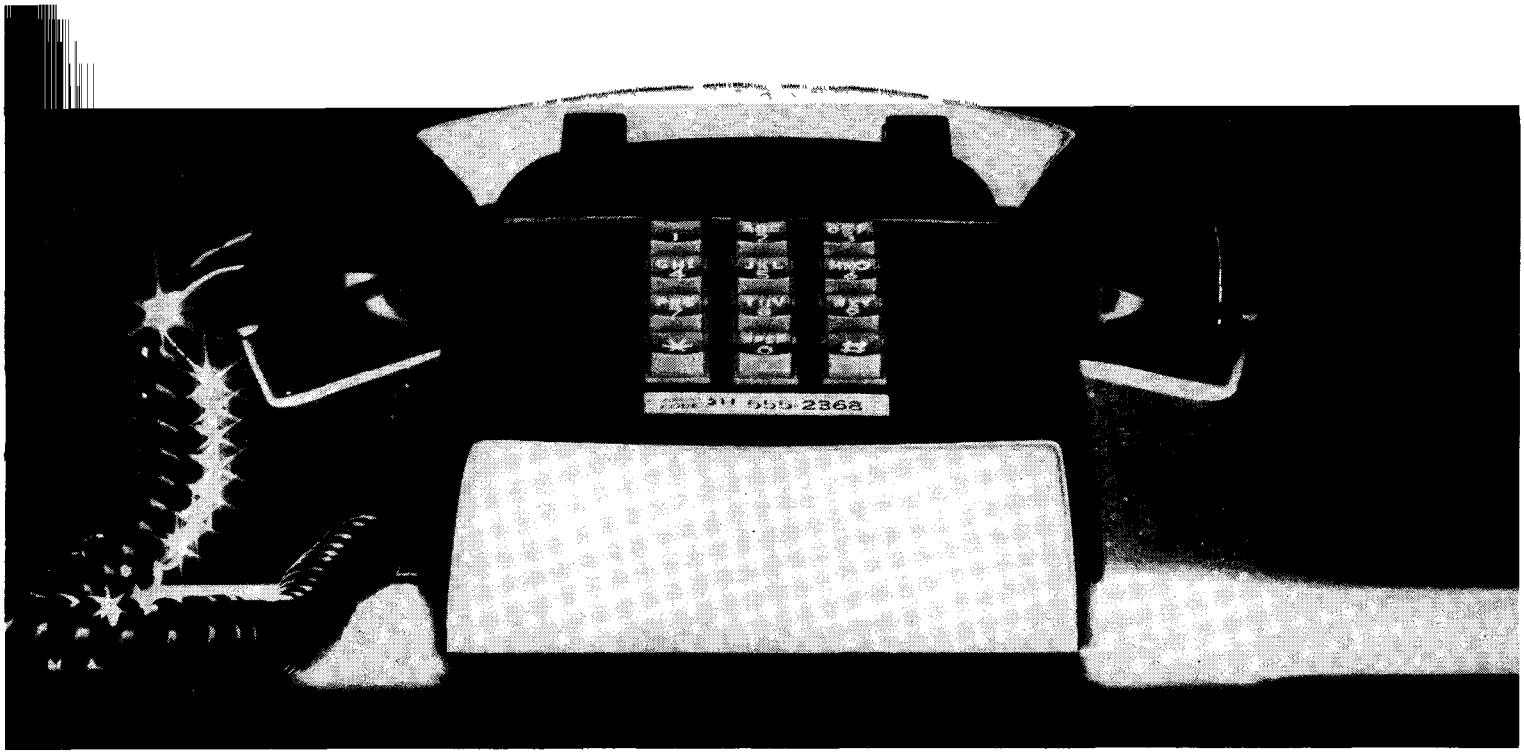

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On Miracle Row

Falconer
by John Cheever
Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by John Gardner

JOHN CHEEVER is one of the few living American novelists who might qualify as true artists. His work ranges from competent to awesome on all the grounds I would count: formal and technical mastery; educated intelligence; what I call "artistic sincerity," which implies, among other things, an indifference to aesthetic fashion, especially the tiresome modern fashion of always viewing the universe with alarm, either groaning or cynically sneering; and last, validity, or what Tolstoi called, without apology, the artist's correct moral relation to his material. I will not spell out in detail what all that means, especially the unspoken premise here that some opinions on life are plain right and some plain wrong, nor will I waste space explaining why nearly all the rest of our respected novelists seem to me either mediocre or fake. I will simply try to explain why Cheever's *Falconer*, though not long or "difficult," not profound or massive, devoid of verisimilitude's endless explanations on the one hand, and of overwrought allegorical extension on the other—though in fact merely a dramatic story of character and action accessible to the most ordinary sensitive reader—is an extraordinary work of art.

Falconer is a prison. The novel tells the story of one man's imprisonment there, and of his quietly miraculous escape. The man is Zeke Farragut, a college professor and heroin-methadone addict who accidentally, for good reason, has killed his brother, a man who was truly murderous, but the kind you can never put in jail because although he cruelly persecutes his family and friends and causes attempted suicides, he does it all legally.

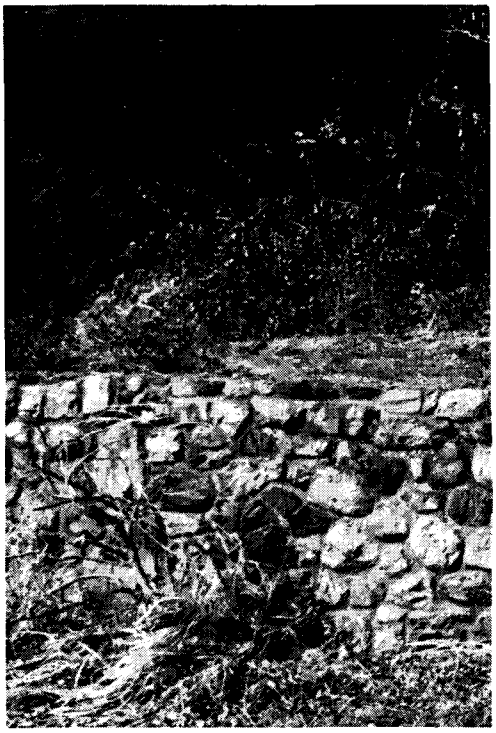
Structurally, the novel is a set of Browningesque monologues by prisoners, guards, and passing strangers, along with a few dialogues, some funny (as when the prisoners play dumb), some chilling (as when Farragut's wife comes to visit). The novel moves like an opera built almost entirely of arias and comic, tragicomic, or tragic duets. Cheever has a gift for catching the emotional nuances in the speech of murderers, drug addicts, petty larcenists, pious and deadly "good" people, people full of contradictions—like the killer guard who means no harm and loves his plants—like all of us.

EVERYWHERE, the writing is convincing, more authoritative than any tape recording, and it shows us what is wrong with Philip Roth's notion that literature can never hope to compete with the craziness of life. One of the things a great writer can do, in a mad time, is simply write things down as they are, without explanation, without complicated philosophical, sociological, or psychological analysis of motivation, simply trusting the authority of his voice, because he knows that all he's saying is true, that his ear is infallible, and that in a world bombarded by "communications" he can trust the reader's experience and sensitivity—or can at least trust the best of his readers.

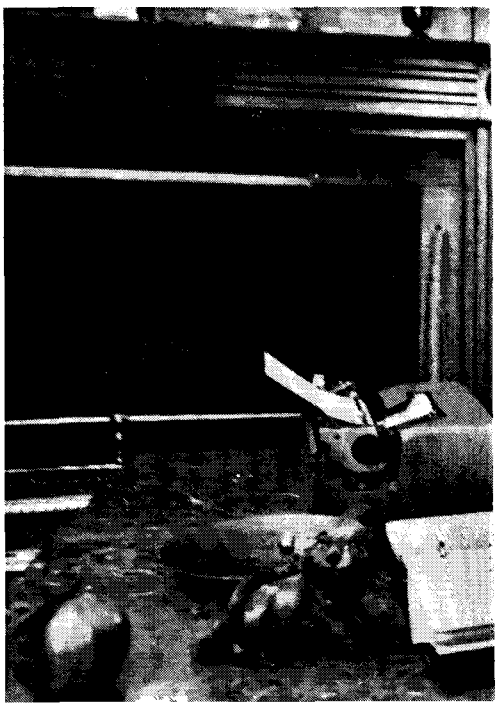
Such writing is of course risky, but that's the wonder of it. All true art takes risks, and all true fiction assumes a reader of intelligence and goodwill.

Farragut has a wife, Marcia, who wanted to be a painter but was no good—an infuriating fact she refuses to face. She is a beautiful, intelligent woman who once loved Farragut but loves him no more, since in her view his drug addiction, casual philanderings, and, now, imprisonment have ruined her life. The things she says when she visits Farragut in prison are unbelievably cruel and could come from no one but an injured wife, though many readers—lucky people—will surely cry, in the face of such cruelty, "Impossible!" Cheever simply copies down reality at its fiercest, making no excuses—sets down as unjudgmentally as any machine the crackle of fire in the angry woman's voice, the fake disinterest and specious objectivity, the undying murderous jealousy toward a girl with whom Farragut had long ago had a brief, sweet affair:

"So tell me how you are, Zeke. I can't say that you look well, but you look all right. You look very much like yourself. Do you still dream about your blonde? You do, of course; that I can easily see. Don't you understand



John Cheever—"He lives quietly in Whatever his reputation may be in



John Gardner's October Light *won the 1976 National Book Critics Circle Award for fiction.*

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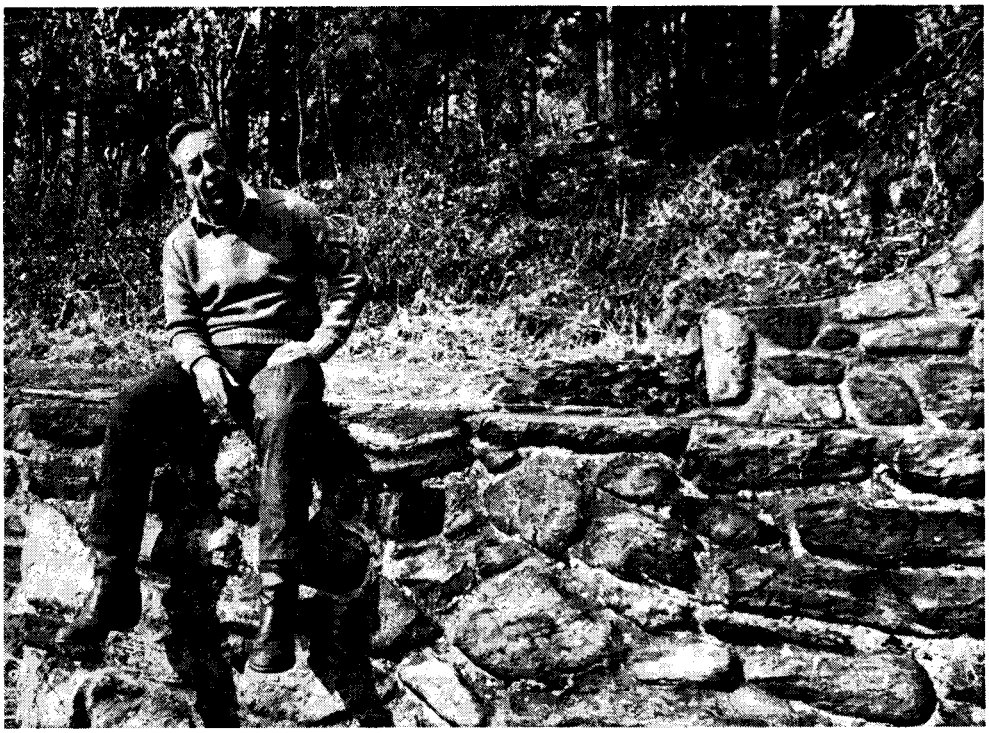
that she never existed, Zeke, and that she never will? Oh, I can tell by the way you hold your head that you still dream about that blonde who never masturbated or shaved her legs or challenged anything you said or did. I suppose you have boyfriends here?"

One could write for pages on the terrible cunning and cruelty in that speech. No one, I think, has ever written down a more deadly wife than Farragut's.

Yet for all her unutterable viciousness, Marcia comes off in *Falconer* as an understandable human being, not a mere bitch, yet also not—as she might have been in someone else's novel—one of those pitiful people "more sinned against than sinning." We simultaneously despise her and understand why Farragut once loved her, even loves her still. The achievement—the mature nonsentimentality of it—is remarkable, for Marcia, like Farragut's brother, is one of those true murderers the law cannot punish. It's pure accident that she hasn't killed her husband. Cheever writes:

At a rehabilitation center in Colorado where Farragut had been confined to check his addiction, the doctors discovered that heroin had damaged his heart. . . . He must avoid strenuous changes in temperature and above all excitement. Excitement of any sort would kill him. . . . Farragut flew east and his flight was uneventful. He got a cab to their apartment, where Marcia let him in. "Hi," he said and bent to kiss her, but she averted her face. "I'm an outpatient," he said. "A salt-free diet —not really salt-free, but no salt added. I can't climb stairs or drive a car and I do have to avoid excitement. It seems easy enough. Maybe we could go to the beach."

Marcia walked down the long hall to their bedroom and slammed the door. The noise of the sound was explosive and in case he had missed this she opened the door and slammed it again. The effect on his heart was immediate. He became faint, dizzy, and short-winded. He staggered to the sofa in the living room and lay down. He was in too much pain and fear to realize that the home-coming of a drug addict was not romantic.



Photographs: Allen Green/Visual Departures

his old farmhouse, chopping his own wood and growing his own vegetables. the literary world, it hasn't overly impressed his neighbors."

No two ways about it, Marcia has become a terrible human being. But Farragut, though we grow immensely fond of him for his sensitivity and wit, above all for his suffering, is no angel either. We get only glimpses, since the novel is mostly from Farragut's point of view, of how painful it is to live with him. But Cheever hints at the evidence—Farragut's many mistresses, his neurosis and floating detachment from his family and work, his own disgust at his more blatantly cruel brother, who, in the socially acceptable way, cuts out and kills by means of vodka.

No one is simply good in *Falconer*; the novel convinces us that in point of fact no one in the world is really good. Yet *Falconer* has nothing in common with the typical contemporary novel about how life is garbage. Life, for Cheever, is simply beautiful and tragic, or that's how he presents it, and both the beauty and the tragedy in *Falconer* are earned. Cheever finds no easy enemies, as William Gaddis would, no easy salvation for the liberated penis and spirit, as Updike would. He finds only what is there: pathos and beauty, "the inestimable richness of human nature."

The pathos can strike surprisingly, as if from nowhere. There is a minor character known only as "Chicken Number Two," a petty thief and killer who bullies and brags and makes trouble throughout the novel, a creature of bottomless stupidity who at the time of Falconer's minor riot demands that visitors be allowed to sit with their prisoner friends at a table, not separated from them by a counter. A guard points out that Chicken hasn't had a visitor in twelve years; nobody out there knows or cares about him. Cheever writes:

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Chicken began to cry then or seemed to cry, to weep or seemed to weep, until they heard the sound of a grown man weeping, an old man who slept on a charred mattress, whose life savings in tattoos had faded to a tracery of ash, whose crotch hair was sparse and gray, whose flesh hung slack on his bones, whose only trespass on life [now, Cheever means] was a flat guitar and a remembered and pitiful air of "I don't know where it is, sir, but I'll find it, sir," and whose name was known nowhere, nowhere in the far reaches of the earth or in the far reaches of his memory, where, when he talked to himself, he talked to himself as Chicken Number Two.

It is familiar theory that people outside prisons are as bad as the people inside, but Cheever makes the argument stick, and in his statement of the old opinion there is nothing liberal or slogany. He does not pretend that the prisoners are really wonderful people; and the outside citizens, all hypocrites. He says what is true, that we're a miserable pack, yet a pack capable of vision, like Farragut, who "even in prison . . . knew the world to be majestic." Throughout the novel, in one prisoner's story after another, and in the continuing story of Farragut's life, evil falls on evil—in flat, sometimes half-comic prose, disaster on disaster, shot by shot. Here, for instance, a mere parenthesis in a larger disaster: "Mrs. Farragut was not an intentionally reckless driver, but her vision was failing and on the road she was an agent of death. She had already killed one Airedale and three cats." No one who has not happened to live unluckily—many people have—will believe such a catalog of small and large disasters: except for the maniac who believes life "wonderful" (as Nailles used to, in Cheever's *Bullet Park*), Cheever's catalog, because of the authority of his writing, will convince.

What is more, the catalog of disasters here is tolerable, not inconsistent with an affirmation of life and love. What redeems this miserable, ghastly world is miracle—the small miracles of humor and compassion that we may without lunacy extend to universal principle, even to a loving though somewhat feeble God. *Falconer* contains numerous minor miracles (the occasional, half-unwitting generosity of prison guards, the prison humor that gives brutalized men dignity) and two major miracles—two escapes from prison. In the

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Talking with John Cheever

JOHN CHEEVER is sixty-four now, a compact, cheery man with the ruddy glow of someone who spends (as he does) as much time as possible outdoors. Since finishing *Falconer*—which he pronounces like "Faulkner"—he had been off traveling in Eastern Europe, in the Carpathian Alps, and later skiing in Utah to "get away from all the fuss of bringing a new book out." But it is a book he seems particularly pleased with: "I think I'm more contented with it than with anything else I've done. It communicated what I want to communicate, and I've made the best use I could of the raw material to hand, which of course is a matter of diving very deep into oneself."

The book was inspired by the two years Cheever spent teaching "what I prefer to call English" (but which actually sounds more like writing) to the inhabitants of Sing Sing prison, which is a near neighbor of his in Ossining, New York. His extraordinary evocation of prison life is "simply a matter of noting detail, as any observant writer would do." But of course, as in all Cheever's work, there is a resonance far beyond the surface immediacy of his world. "All my work deals with confinement in one shape or another, and the struggle toward freedom. Do I mean freedom? Only as a metaphor for"—he picks up the book, turns the pages to a passage where he has struggled to define it—"a sense of boundlessness, the possibility of rejoicing. I've used three symbols for confinement in my books: the small New England village [St. Botolphs in the *Wapshot* books], the world of affluent exurbia [in which most of his celebrated short stories and the novel *Bullet Park* are set], and now, prison. But of course in our living we're also confined in the various emotional and erotic contracts we have formed, which one may regret, but which it is difficult to find one's way out of."

In many ways, *Falconer* seems like a darker book than

From Cheever collection

John Cheever playing with his son in 1950.

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first major miracle, a friend and homosexual lover of Farragut's escapes in disguise as a priest and is—for no reason—helped by the local bishop. Tolstoi would give us the bishop's reasons, but that is unnecessary in Cheever's kind of novel. Mostly, the world is inexplicably bad, bad beyond all probability: children die, or even purposely cause others to die. (Farragut's brother once casually tried to kill him.) But also, on rare occasions, the world is mysteriously good. That is enough. To emphasize the miracle of the friend's escape and the bishop's whimsical assistance, Cheever breaks point of view, shifting from Farragut's consciousness to the friend's—it's the only time he does it in the novel, and the effect is like a wall magically opening, letting in light.

The second major miracle is Farragut's own escape or, rather, resurrection. A prison friend dies, either of influenza or from the new vaccine being tried out on prisoners. Farragut takes the place of the corpse in its death sack, gets carried out through the prison gates, and walks away.

The novel's end is a masterpiece of poetic prose, not only stylistically but also because it rings true. Farragut has nowhere to go—his wife hates him, his heart is bad. Nevertheless, Farragut escapes prison, joyfully breathes free, garbage-scented air, and meets, in bald-faced miracle, a generous, odd creature who gives him a coat and offers him a place to stay. Habitual cynics will scoff at such miracles, as the sentimentally optimistic will purse their lips on hearing of the misery inside and outside Falconer. But that is how it is, Cheever says. Cheever proves what we are always forgetting: that great art is not technical trickery, novelty of effect, or philosophical complexity beyond our depth, but absolute clarity: reality with the obfuscating wrappings peeled away. The reason Cheever is a great writer—besides his command of literary form, impeccable style, and unsentimental compassion—is that what he says seems true. ◉

"John Cheever shows us what is wrong with Philip Roth's notion that literature can never compete with the craziness of life."

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anything Cheever has previously done; he sees it, however, as simply a book of greater dynamic contrast than usual: "I wanted to make the dark parts darker, the light ones lighter." And in fact, he feels far less pessimistic than he used to. His reasons for optimism: "The end of the war in Vietnam, the approaching end of the war between the sexes, between generations. I think one of the great advances in awareness we've made is in our sense of our newness on our planet—that it has a history much more ancient than ours, and that many of our mistakes are those of newness." Returning from Eastern Europe during the recent presidential election, he was struck, he says, by the fashionable disenchantment with which American friends viewed the process, as compared with the very genuine hopelessness of Eastern Europeans, for whom no thought of a change in regime, or of a genuinely new leadership, was possible.

Although Cheever has a firm place on any list of noteworthy mid-twentieth-century writers, he has not enjoyed a successful career by the standards of such contemporaries as Mailer, Updike, Styron, or Bellow. "I've never been a money player," he says, without apparent regret. "Some people seem to have a gift for public personality and I just don't have it. It makes life a lot easier for my children, and I'm glad of that. But it also means a struggle financially, especially now that I'm putting a son through college. I was broke a few months ago, in fact, until Paramount took a movie option on *Falconer* for forty thousand dollars. Then they decided not to make a movie after all, which is the best of all possible worlds. It was like finding the money in the gutter." He hopes the new book will have a large success and make money. "If it does, okay. But if not, that's okay, too." At least, he feels, he has indulged in very little "hacking or expediency" in his time, no matter how urgent his needs. "Sometimes, when I've been broke, I've sold a chunk of a book to a magazine."

It is an astonishing fact that this greatly admired and much anthologized writer, whose stories are studied in every modern English or writing course, is largely out of print today. The *Wapshot* books are in paperback, and so is his latest volume of stories, *The World of Apples*. Otherwise, his more than 200 stories, including such classics as "The Swimmer," "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," "The Enormous Radio," and "The Brigadier and the Golf Widow" (more than half of them written originally for *The New Yorker*), are unavailable. "The rights have all reverted to me, and I'm going to see if I can't get them reprinted," he says. "As it is, teachers are photocopying my old stories for courses, and all I ever get for them is an occasional fifty-dollar check from some conscientious college." He hardly ever reads over his stories himself, though when he recently read "Housebreaker" to his son Federico's class at Stanford, he was gratified by the students' response.

His last novel, *Bullet Park*, was published eight years ago; his last volume of stories, three years ago. Yes, he seems to have been slowing up. "Since *Bullet Park* I've been teaching, in Iowa and Boston as well as at Sing Sing, and I've had a series of heart attacks. And I haven't done many stories, though I recently wrote one for Bob Manning at the *Atlantic*, which published me first, when I was twenty-one, and I did it in a day." He is now working on a long story, however. And there is never a time when he doesn't keep up his journal. "It's probably an old New England habit, going back to ship's logs. My grandfather sailed around the Horn, and he and my father both kept daily journals, starting off, as I do, with the direction of the wind." He also records a myriad of details on weather and appearances, on conversational snatches, on thoughts and self-reproaches. "I count on the journal to preserve the keenness of small daily sensations, particularly now. When I was younger, I had more complete recall."

Meanwhile, he continues to live quietly in his old farmhouse on six acres in Ossining, chopping his own wood and growing his own vegetables—and chuckling at the thought that whatever his reputation may be in the literary world, it hasn't overly impressed his neighbors. "As the train came into Ossining the other day, someone said: 'This is where Peter Falk comes from! ' " Cheever enjoyed this hugely. He laughed for quite a while. —JOHN FIRTH

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Under Roman Skies

History: A Novel
by Elsa Morante
Translated by William Weaver
Knopf, 576 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Doris Grumbach

EVERY now and then one has the privilege of entering into a novel. One spends time in it, lives in it; and that period of time seems long and rich. In this warm, absorbing residency one has all the pleasures that fiction (but not always life, as E. M. Forster points out) can afford: intimate acquaintance with characters; the satisfaction of fully knowing lives and destinies; a sense of completion, of knowing how the story will come out—a knowledge life denies us.

Such a marvel of a novel is Elsa Morante's *History: A Novel.* Old-fashioned in form and method of narration, it is a profoundly modern novel in its sequential settings: the genocidal, fascist Rome of World War II, and the physically and spiritually shattered Rome of the war's aftermath. It is modern, too, in that its characters are little people living out obscure lives within a matrix of great events—holocaust, war, hunger, dislocation, crime, the horrors of uncontrollable sickness—and of small but significant losses: of a dog, a bird, a cat.

The scaffolding for these lives is provided by the device of the news headlines and articles, reminiscent of Dos Passos, that precede each section, giving us the great historic events in whose shadow private lives are led. Nora Almagia, who is Jewish, marries Giuseppe Ramundo and bears a daughter, Iduzza, whom she shelters from her dangerous inheritance by having the child baptized a Catholic. Iduzza (called Ida) becomes a schoolteacher, loses her husband, Alfio, early in the war, and then is raped in Rome by a drunken German soldier from the town of Dachau. We never see the soldier after that raw and terrible night; we only see his son, whom Ida names Giuseppe, after her father, and whom she calls Useppe, the boy's mispronunciation of his own name.

Elsa Morante's extraordinary achievement is to have told this long, richly textured and detailed story mainly through the limited, almost instinctive consciousness of Ida and the enchanting childish senses and mind of Useppe. The author's voice is there, of course, at times intruding without apology ("And I, too, from now on will call him Useppe, because this is the name by which I always knew him"); but the burden of the telling is more often left to those who know the burden of the events.

Besides character, *History* is distinguished by wonderfully evoked places—from the small apartment that shelters Ida and her son to the enormous room of a public shelter in Rome, in which they occupy a corner. The shelter houses a memorable collection of residents, including a fine cat named Rosella. Ida's older son Nino, his Resistance friends, and many other uprooted, homeless victims of the bombings, like the "Thousand family" (so called by Ida for their apparent numbers), live there, too. The place will remind readers of e. e. cummings's war novel, *The Enormous Room*, and of Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward.*

The question of being Jewish in that place and time, even part Jewish ("Who *is* a Jew?" someone asks), is a major theme in the novel. Nino's friend (and friend to the ubiquitous Useppe) is a haunted, wandering Jewish boy, David Segre, who survives the war only to die a lonely, terrible death from drugs:

> . . . but perhaps in injecting it, his desire had not been actually to die. The boy had suffered too much fear and too much cold; and he wanted only some sleep, to heal him. A deep, deep sleep beneath the lowest threshold of the cold and the fear and of every remorse or shame. . . . Beyond such a wish for sleep there may also have been a wish to wake up again, perhaps later. But waking, in these cases, is a matter of chance and whim: a hypothetical, stellar point which meanwhile in perspective moves away from the earth in a distance of light centuries. . . .

There is the scene at the Tiburtia train station, where Ida, still hiding her own Jewishness, sees a train bound for Auschwitz loaded with Roman Jews:

> Signora Di Segni was there, running back and forth on the open platform, her legs without stockings, short and thin, of an unhealthy whiteness, and her midseason dust coat flying behind her shapeless body. She was running

"Surely you jest."

Doris Grumbach is a novelist and free-lance critic.

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clumsily the whole length of the row of cars, shouting in an almost obscene voice: "Settimio! Settimio! . . . Graziella! . . . Manuele! . . . Settimio! . . . Settimio! Esterina! . . . Manuele! . . . Angelino! . . ." From inside the train, some unknown voice reached her, shouting at her to go away: otherwise *they* would take her, too, when they came back in a little while. "No-o-o! I won't go!" she railed in reply, threatening and enraged, hammering her fists against the cars, "my family's in there! Call them! Di Segni! The Di Segni family!" . . . "Settimiooo!!!" she burst out suddenly, running, her arms out towards one of the cars and clinging to the bar on the door, in an impossible attempt to force it.

Of the 1,056 passengers on the Rome–Auschwitz train, 15 come back; and the scene of their return is indelible. This outstanding work of fiction is, in fact, nothing less than a succession of just such indelible scenes.

UNDER the indifferent umbrella of Western world history, Italian history, and the acts of "Big Men of the earth"—the Duce, the landowners, the industrialists, the rich—the little lives endure briefly and come, almost inevitably, to their small, sad ends. David tells Useppe, "Happiness is not of this world." And it is denied, except in small fragments of contentment, to Ida, whose sanity is finally destroyed by the death of her "pretty" little son Useppe in the last of his epileptic seizures. It is denied to Nino in a senseless automobile crash. It is denied, in some way, to all the other victims—not directly by the large events of war, but rather through the personal horrors that always exist within the largess of the human condition, and which war only serves to catalyze: rape, hunger, and cold; loneliness and isolation; fear, fragility, unbearable love, and loss; meaningless death and suffering.

William Weaver has rendered a masterly, almost poetic translation of Morante's heavily vernacular Italian. *History* (or *La Storia*) was an enormous best seller in Italy, the most successful Italian novel since Giuseppe Di Lampedusa's *The Leopard*. Morante is the sixty-two-year-old estranged wife of the novelist Alberto Moravia. She is said to be a reclusive writer, uninterested in either the fame or the money this novel has won her. I can see no possibility whatever that Morante's magnificent narrative will not impress American readers as much as it did Italian ones. Her little people are universal, Rome is every city, and World War II is the emblematic tragedy of twentieth-century civilization. ◉

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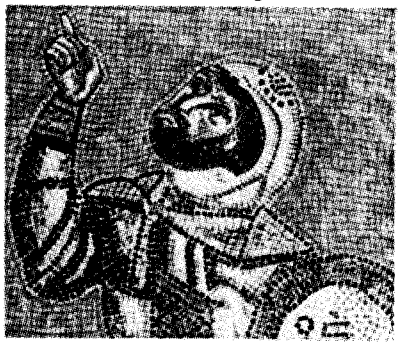

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Books

Socialism Without Marx

The Fabians
by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie
Simon & Schuster, 448 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

"THIS meeting was made memorable by the first appearance of Bernard Shaw," Shaw himself later wrote as an insertion in the Fabian Society minutes for May 10, 1884. The society had just been founded that January—by a small group of like-minded, vaguely socialistic, and spiritually restless London stockbrokers and clerks—as an offshoot of the bohemian and idealist Fellowship of the New Life. In fact, most of the Fabian founders had also been early associates of the fledgling Society for Psychical Research. They took the name Fabian from Fabius Cunctator (the "Delayer"), a Roman general in the campaign against Hannibal who supposedly believed in a "slow but sure" strategy of victory, thus supplying the motto of the society as well. Today, the Fabian Society is, indeed, the oldest and most successful socialist group in the world.

Perhaps the secret of the society's influence on twentieth-century England (and indirectly, America) has been its lack of any real orthodoxy, despite a certain set of assumptions shared by its adherents: that socialism is the better way; that it should be evolutionary; that it must be democratic. In late Victorian England, Fabianism was offered as a deliberate alternative to both the revolutionary socialism of the French or Marxist sorts and the utopian, romantic socialism deriving from Robert Owen or William Morris (even though it had some things in common with the latter). It was not necessarily opposed to private ownership of property (that was regarded as an important right, within limits), but only to the private ownership of the means of production of capital goods and public services. In fact, Fabianism for the most part accepted the classical economic analysis of the dynamics of the marketplace and rejected the Marxist (although a number of the Fabian old guard were personally friendly with Marx and accepted much of his critique of capitalist society). The extent to which Fabian socialism presented a viable alternative to Marxism for leftist English (and later American) intellectuals cannot be stressed too much.

But it is the Fabians themselves, rather than any single idea or the sum of their ideas, who scintillate in their history and in the MacKenzies' new book. I cannot think of another society (as distinct from an academy or a political party) that has numbered among its members such a remarkable succession of extremely able men and women. Aside from Shaw, the old guard included Annie Besant, Sidney Olivier, Graham Wallas, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and H. G. Wells. And although the MacKenzies are only concerned with the old guard and the history of the society up to the First World War, later members and fellow travelers have included G. K. Chesterton, R. H. Tawney, Harold Laski, G. M. Trevelyan, G.D.H. and Margaret Cole, and Denis Healey. There have been two Fabian prime ministers: Ramsay MacDonald and Clement Attlee. In the Attlee Labour government, swept into office in 1945 by a staggering majority, more than half the Labour M.P.'s were Fabians, and there were 45 of them in leading positions, ten in the Cabinet.

In *The Fabians*, the MacKenzies, authors previously of a huge and highly regarded biography of H. G. Wells, have offered the most comprehensive and fully documented account to date of the early history of the society (with a tantalizing epilogue on the subsequent history). This they do largely, and necessarily, through biographies of the society's early members. They make excellent use of manuscript sources heretofore unavailable or not used by others. In particular, theirs is a much more coherent and accurate account than the major previous general history, Anne Fremantle's *This Little Band of Prophets*. (However, Fremantle's book covered the whole history of the society down to the then present, 1960. Fremantle also treated Fabian ideas—especially the crucial economic and social ideas—more satisfactorily; and, on the whole, her book was more humanly and humorously interesting.) The MacKenzies are nothing if not solid, and their account takes on some of the off-putting earnestness of many of the Fabians. They also jump about quite a bit, in order to keep the almost too many strands of their story in sight. But theirs is something of a triumph of reweaving, and they continually enliven their narrative with sprightly quotations and dramatic set pieces, such as Wells's humiliating defeat by Shaw (who had earlier called him "a novelist bombinating *in vacuo*") when Wells made an ill-considered bid to take over the society.

SHAW, in all of his "luxurious perversity" and mystical wit, runs throughout these pages like a Till Eulenspiegel in a group of mostly very serious chamber music players. A good deal of the MacKenzies' book is taken up by a fresh retelling of Shaw's early life and works, tying that material more closely than anyone has before to the ups and downs of the Fabian movement, which was undoubtedly of vital importance to Shaw, since he gave so much of his (unpaid) time to it for so long.

Looking, as some wag described him

Walter Arnold is a free-lance writer who has been an editor of Commonweal *and editorial director of Liveright.*

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then, like "a forked radish in a worsted bifurcated stocking," Shaw was a mercurial and galvanic young Irish exile in London at the time the society was founded. He, like most of the first Fabians, had read and approved of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, which advocated a "single tax" on land as a means of distributing basic goods more equitably. He had also read and approved of the first of the numerous and famous Fabian tracts, "Why Are the Many Poor?" which was based on George and appeared shortly after the society was founded. Shaw quickly joined the society and wrote its second tract, which contained, among other propositions, the ideas that private ownership had divided society into hostile classes "with large appetites and no dinners at one extreme and large dinners and no appetites at the other"; that competition "has the effect of rendering adulteration, dishonest dealing, and inhumanity compulsory"; and that the sexes should have equal rights, since men "no longer need special political privileges to protect them against women." As the MacKenzies say, if the Fabians were to survive, they needed to find an identity. If Shaw was to find an identity, he needed a stage on which he could dramatize himself. The coincidence of interest was decisive.

"Our general social policy," wrote Beatrice Webb, who, along with her husband Sidney, was the real mainstay of Fabian theory and social policy, "is to construct a base to society in the form of a legally enforced minimum standard of life, and to develop all forms of shooting upwards." This was to be accomplished by a policy of "permeation" of Fabians and their ideas into local and national government and institutions. (There was and is no Fabian party as such, though the Fabians did assist importantly at the birth of the Labour party and gradually became identified with it.) Indeed, Sidney Webb's most famous, and rather unfortunate, phrase was "the inevitability of gradualness."

G. M. Trevelyan called the society "the Jesuits of socialism" and likened them to "intelligence officers without an army, which influenced great hosts moving under other banners." They thus indirectly affected laws and administration in England, as had the Utilitarians Bentham and Mill, with whom the Fabians had so much in common. (Unemployment insurance, for example, is practically a Fabian invention.) As part of Fabian "permeation" in research and education, which was their main effort, the Webbs founded the London School of Economics, and they and others started the *New Statesman*, which is still the principal journalistic voice of Fabianism. But whatever else they did, as Beatrice Webb also said, they "did knock laissez-faire into a cocked hat." For better or for worse, the welfare state is all but a Fabian creation.

The MacKenzies seem most interested, and they are at their best, in reconstructing the political and social setting surrounding the early evolution of Fabianism. They also point out the weakness of Fabian political instincts and judgments, as when the Fabians attacked the Liberal party wholesale and alienated it from them more or less permanently. But the Webbs, who might have spoken for most of the early Fabians, freely admitted that they weren't very good at politics in the practical sense. Economics and government theory, facts and arguments, were their strongest points.

More important than their economic and political ideas, however, is the fact that nearly all of the early Fabians came from Evangelical and Nonconformist families. Regardless of their alienation from those backgrounds, they retained a kind of "ultimate concern" that led them to their form of socialism. There is no mistaking the fact that Shaw, for all of his irreverent fireworks, and Beatrice Webb, to name only two, were essentially religious individuals. At the beginning of their book, the MacKenzies wisely quote a late Victorian social observer, W. H. Mallock: "There are many about us, though they never confess their pain . . . whose hearts are aching for the God they no longer believe in."

The MacKenzies say at the end that "the Evangelical heritage fell heavily upon them all. It was a depressing inheritance, combining anxiety and guilt, the need for moral redemption and a compulsion to regenerate the world." Thus Shaw's late flirtation with fascism and his absurd sermons on Nietzsche's already secondhand Superman. Thus, the Webbs' final infatuation with Soviet Communism, though theirs probably had more than a touch of senility to it. They went from a God who was "slow but sure" to "the God that failed."

But here, too, Fremantle went deeper in analysis than the MacKenzies. "The fatal flaw," she said decisively, "the real Fabian fault," was that they believed in an essentially perfectible world and an essentially good human nature, in the sense that if you only showed people the just and virtuous way, they could not help but follow it. "All the Fabians," Fremantle wrote, "had a great dislike of stupidity, but no idea of sin." In her view, paradoxically, Evangelicalism did not weigh heavily enough with them.

Sin and redemption aside, however, the Fabians in their original impulse and authentic character, as the MacKenzies make plain, were greatly compassionate individuals and thinkers. They involved themselves not just in their own fates, but in those of others, including the least well-off. And they make wonderfully lively reading, both in their own writings and as subjects. If Americans would turn to them now, it would be a blessed change from reading about the Fabians' self-obsessed, too literary Bloomsbury contemporaries. ◉

"These must be the seven swinging knights the travel agent told us about."

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A Drama of Pronouns

"fools say"
by Nathalie Sarraute
Translated from the French by Maria Jolas
Braziller, 151 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

LITERATURE'S last big public battle about taste in fiction was over the French "new novel," a literary phenomenon that has now vanished, simply dropped from sight. Only ten years ago, lecture halls across the land were crammed to standing room with students listening to Nathalie Sarraute and Alain Robbe-Grillet explaining their theories of the novel and outraging the philistines with their claim that the times demanded a new, radically modernist fiction such as their own. It brought the smell of combat to the air. One snatched up *Encounter* to read Gore Vidal laboring to do justice—rough justice—to a literary movement that (as one had no trouble reading between the lines) set his teeth on edge. In nearly every literary panel discussion one chanced to attend, Leslie Fiedler was there, never failing to spice his comments with a long, raucous jeer of contempt flung at the "French art novel"—as if he were the Cato of taste-making, demanding the interlopers' destruction. Others (I among them) mounted the barricades to fight back for the "new."

Well, that phase is over. It is a little sad to revisit all that wildly contested territory and find it a not very interesting empty field nobody much cares about, blown by vagrant breezes.

Of course, some (but not all) of the "new novelists" still write fiction, though the thrust of their movement has been lost. Nathalie Sarraute's most recent venture is "*fools say*"; and I regret to say that it seems perversely to fulfill all those philistine epithets from the old days, epithets that were mainly false then, but which now have become somehow more than partly true. I cannot find "*fools say*" anything but willfully arcane, mannered, and pretentious, the product of a brilliant writer's persistence in a method that has ceased to suit her. One hesitates to judge Sarraute; several of her earlier and much better novels (*The Golden Fruits, The Planetarium, Between Life and Death*) brilliantly treat the emptiness of judgment, and of literary judgment above all. But judgment is a natural reflex (dare I say tropism?) of the thinking mind; God knows there is plenty of judgment both in and against the acid mutterings of the—well, *she* used the word first—"fools" whose disembodied voices fill the pages of her best books. On the other hand, "*fools say*" is not only stylistically more radical than the earlier books (i.e., harder to read), but it is also directed to the deeper regions of self-judgment. I, for one, am not much impressed by what Sarraute has discovered down there.

SHE has found a baffled, hurt child's wild insecurity, endless inner debate, and need for love; along with pride and contempt, focused sometimes on the self, sometimes on all of "them"—the "fools" out there. Fair enough: Sarraute has her finger (more or less) on the mixture of desperation and complacency that marks a typically neurotic struggle for self-esteem. But is *that* all there is? In her plunge into the depths of the self-doubting mind, she has found only the emotions one would expect. And those emotions, because they are disembodied by her prose, lack resonance; they seem almost allegorical. Something is lacking: behavior, *action*. Instead of the strictly satirical fiction that is her strength, Sarraute has tried for a genuinely psychological novel, and it turns out that the elegant manner she developed for her satirical mutterings is not appropriate to the new mode: "They are murmuring: well, well, it's started up again, hold him. . . . Yes, hold me, yes, all I ask is to be captured, to reintegrate. . . ."

So it runs for 151 pages, its only drama a drama of pronouns, murmurings about them, him, and I. Sarraute's voices have been compared to those heard through a motel wall: we never see the people, never see what they are doing, never know where they have come from. It is an ideal mode for satire. We hear only the empty disconnections; the sudden petulances, the raised voices. Understanding nothing about these mutterers, we forgive nothing—Montaigne in reverse. But if one tries to carry satire to deeper levels of inner struggle, of psychology, the manner merely continues to be empty, and, what's more, we now resent the fact of still richer information withheld.

Psychology entails not only the flux of thoughts and impulses: it is behavior. And Sarraute has long since thrown away action in her effort to distill her style to its own purity. Though she now gives no signs of regretting that act of triage, it dooms an effort like "*fools say*": the book needs not only behavior, and therefore action, but also, since the muttering of impulse can be disembodied, and only a person can act, it needs characters. Sarraute used to assail the retention of characters in fiction on the grounds that they are false: they are always too statically and narrowly conceived; they are always, when compared to the polyvalence of life, flat. *A bas la psychologie!*—this standard French posture is one that Sarraute took up in new terms. But there are degrees of flatness, after all, and by refusing to enlarge her manner to include the fullness of action (whatever *its* flux, whatever *its* partial truths and confusions), she has produced a novel that is dullness itself. ◉

Stephen Koch, author of Nightwatch *and* Stargazer: Andy Warhol's World & His Films, *is at work on a novel.*

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 80

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 53.

GWP RTGPVVRQPTG JNT XRTYB NVJIBG PFPHKGWRTQ HRYRO-AVIAB, GWP BPTBRZVP JNT WNHYVK NTK-GWRTQ.

—QIPGWP

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Books in Brief

Life/Situations:
Essays Written and Spoken
by Jean-Paul Sartre
Translated by Paul Auster and Lydia Davis
Pantheon, 224 pp., $8.95

SARTRE will write no more. Virtually blind, he now sees words swim indistinctly on the page. But he will talk, and the interviews contained here (with his last written pieces on the politics of "libertarian socialism") convey a man more gentle and appealingly honest than the author of the morally severe and abstruse writings that made him famous. Believing "a man's existence must be entirely visible to his neighbor," Sartre hides nothing from his listeners. He candidly recalls the loss of his social and political innocence during World War II and the uprisings of 1968, lamenting his unradical temperament; he tells of the money he has made and spent or given away, and of the work habits that broke his health through his reliance on amphetamines; he says much about his love of music and women, and of his long quest to understand one man (Flaubert); and he confesses his insensitivity to the oppression of women, and his failure to finish what he starts.

Although Sartre has lost none of his famed vision of human suffering or loathing of bourgeois egoism, he is optimistic about man's future and feels no anguish over his own losses. "I have said everything I had to say," he tells an interviewer; and knowing that age and infirmity now grip his body and that intellectual fashion in France has passed to a new generation of thinkers, he concludes with a smile: "It's time to pack my bags."

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

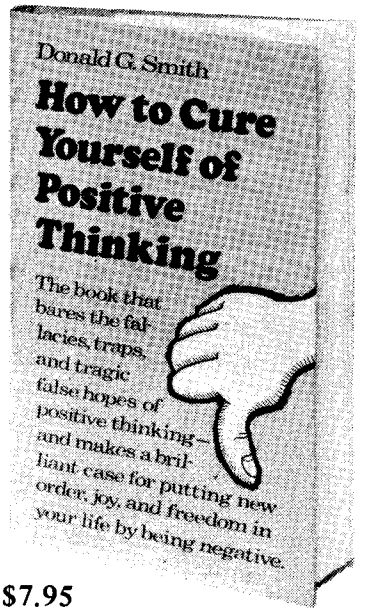
A Quiet Life
by Beryl Bainbridge
Braziller, 156 pp., $7.95

THE family is a hothouse of eccentricities, inevitabilities of character, recurring patterns of behavior, endemic myopia. Such an unspectacular but lethal unit is the provincial seaside English family in *A Quiet Life*. It is dominated by a silly powerhouse matron, Mother, who gads about Southport with her Captain Sydney when she's not talking hats with women friends in the upstairs bedroom (where Father rarely gets to take his pleasure). Disenfranchised in the downstairs scullery, Father flares his nostrils and curls his lip. He is an abject object for son Alan and daughter Madge.

Alan—the novel's lucidly befuddled central consciousness—is a sentimental chip off the old man's block. Fated to marry a tintype of Mother, he fulminates against her ally and his scourge, Madge. Younger sister Madge herself is smart to stay away from the turmoil at home. She secretly meets up with a "Jerry" from the local prisoner-of-war camp (the time is World War II). Alan greets her disheveled returns with sour imprecations to stay at home, to which Madge contemptuously retorts, "Don't you think it's dangerous here?" It is the most direct statement of any kind that any character makes in this muted slip of a novel. The eloquent huffs and puffs, mordantly accented silences, and suspended innuendos stamp it the flawless work of the sinewy dry wit of Beryl Bainbridge. —LINDA KUEHL

Laughing Last
by Tony Hiss
Houghton Mifflin, 192 pp., $8.95

WE HAVE here an affectionate but rather condescending portrait of Alger Hiss by his only son, Tony, rendered in a gratingly smart-aleck style that threatens the entire enterprise with inconsequence and vulgarity. Although *Laughing Last* announces itself as an inside track to Hiss's private life, there is really very little news here after all. We see Hiss reflected through a welter of his son's rather slapdash recollections and reconstructions, and only those already conversant with the cultural and political dimensions of the Hiss case are likely to divine the significance of what is disclosed. The success Hiss enjoyed before his disgrace—characterized by a kind of power, privilege, and achievement enjoyed by only a very few—made for a life the loss of which must surely have called forth from him responses far more complex and interesting than this blithe account would have us understand. The man's guilt or innocence aside, he is—by virtue of the part he played in American political history, and the passion his fate continues to inspire—a representative man. Inexplicably, Hiss the younger chooses to disregard this. Having sought doggedly for vindication over the past three decades, Hiss the elder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might well be taken aback by his son's devil-may-care attitude in this narrative—a posture that may hide a wealth of profound feeling, but that gives the impression of arrogant indifference to that court of public opinion in which Alger Hiss himself still seeks acquittal.

—JANE LARKIN CRAIN

Teilhard
by Mary Lukas and Ellen Lukas
Doubleday, 360 pp., $10

THERE'S something both awesome and deeply touching about the Jesuit paleontologist Teilhard de Chardin, who devoted his life to trying to synthesize religion and science—and finally thought he'd succeeded. He sought proof of life's unity and God's purpose in nature, especially in prehistoric bones; yet he had vowed obedience to a church that looked with sharp suspicion on a thinker-priest so much closer to Bergson than to Aquinas. It dubbed him, pejoratively, "dreamer" and "evolutionist," forced him into long periods of exile from France, and censored much of his voluminous writing. Though Teilhard had achieved celebrity as a paleontologist in his younger days, largely for his digging exploits in China, he was relatively unknown when he died in New York, in 1955, at the age of seventy-five.

The Lukases perform a valuable service in tracing the life of this heroic and in some ways fascinating man. Besides charting the anguish that resulted from his conflict with Rome, they bring out his charm, his great gift for friendship (with both men and women), and his streak of asceticism and of naïveté; and their incidental portrait of a turbulent China before and during World War II is graphic. If they offer little analysis of Teilhard's thought (as contained, for example, in *The Phenomenon of Man*), they spur the reader to sample it for himself, despite what they refer to as its "half-explained generalities" and "groping neologisms." —PETER GARDNER

Haywire
by Brooke Hayward
Knopf, 336 pp., $10

THIS book is Brooke Hayward's memoir of the deaths (mother, father, and sister) and the mental breakdowns (mother, sister, and brother) in her family. She is the daughter of the talented actress Margaret Sullavan and the talented agent-producer Leland Hayward; but underneath the book's sometimes flip, sometimes plodding exterior, there is not a shred of talent—or humanity.

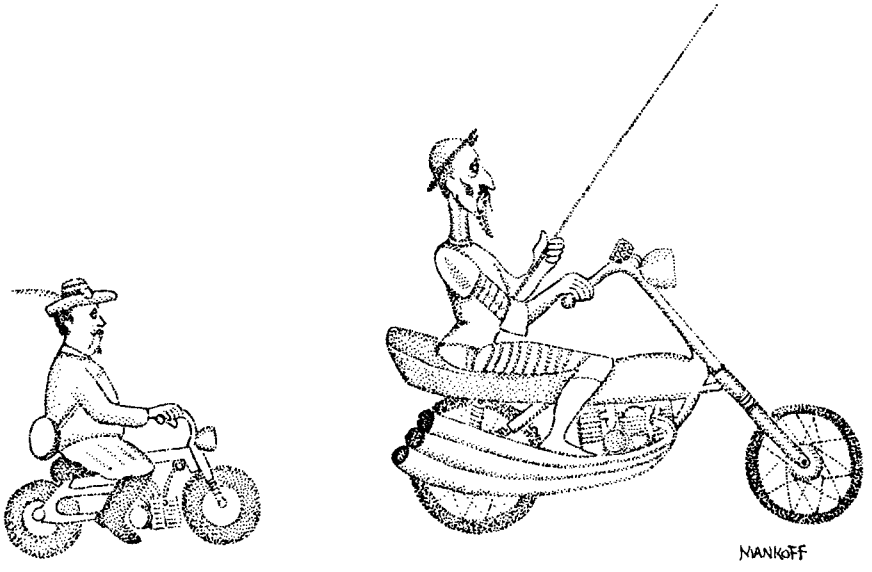
After the first chapter, in which Hayward recalls both her sister's and mother's deaths with singularly ill-advised attempts at black humor, her prose settles down to the dreary anonymous. One turns the pages, all right. Very, very fast.

We are treated to the author's golden childhood in Hollywood. She remembers it all: furniture, upholstery, carpets, caviar, nanny, organdy dresses. The high point of Dorothy McGuire's wedding, it seems, was Brooke Hayward's brother having to go to the bathroom.

Hayward interviews Josh, Hank, Jimmy, and Truman about her family. They tell her stale stories with a lot of adjectives. Hayward herself has a tragic story to tell, but she cannot tell it tragically. It is all recorded unselectively, and it seems none too well understood.

Margaret Sullavan emerges as the key figure: a dominating, puritanical, idealistic personality; and a brilliant star. If genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains, she had it in spades—with her children, with her acting, with her husbands.

Brooke Hayward's previous accomplishments, by her own reckoning, appear to be glossy-magazine modeling and acting in a gangster film. *Haywire* now leads one to ask: If heredity can conquer all (as Hayward ruminates) could it not conquer talent as well? —ELAINE DUNDY



Journey of the Wolf
by Douglas Day
Atheneum, 245 pp., $8.95

WINNER of the National Book Award for biography in 1974 for his *Malcolm Lowry*, Douglas Day brings impressive credentials to his first novel. He brings, as well, knowledge of his subject, for he has read about Spain, traveled the Spanish landscape, and talked to many Spaniards. Clearly he knows how to write, and he brings Spain to life without sounding like Hemingway. And yet in *Journey of the Wolf*, a story of one man's homeward trek by foot, car, and cattle truck to his native Andalusian village, Day fails to flesh out his characters.

Sebastián Rosales has been living in France as a political exile since 1939, after having fought in the losing cause with a Communist brigade against Franco's Nationalists in the Spanish Civil War. A sense of destiny urges him home. Once he crosses into Spain, however, he hardly thinks of his wife, his daughters, or his grandchildren. Further, this dull dog who hasn't seen a movie in thirty years and hasn't learned to speak French after living in France for thirty-four years learns nothing from the people he meets on the road. So calcified is his manly honor that he can rise only to challenges that never go beyond the rigors of survival—getting food, finding shelter, avoiding the police.

The struggle to survive does not a novel make. Rather than using his imagination in *Journey of the Wolf*, Day has relied on his admiration for Spanish *machismo* and his knowledge of Spanish topography, climate, and military history. This substitution of information for insight creates a void that the misanthropic Rosales widens with each scowl. —PETER WOLFE

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Into Fecundity

Frederick Morgan's is a strange story. After graduating from Princeton, he and two friends founded the prestigious quarterly *Hudson Review*. Over the next twenty-five years he wrote and published only about eight poems. Then, in his late forties, he burst into fecundity, and you couldn't pick up a magazine without finding a Morgan poem. His first book came out in 1972, when he was fifty, and here comes another one, *Poems of the Two Worlds* (University of Illinois Press, March 30, cloth $7.95, paper $3.95). Fecund but fine; see how you like "Prayer":

God, who are strange to me,
I thank you for the years
stranging me from a self
I may no longer be.

That creature of one time—
anguished, young, perplexed—
I find him still in me
but am no longer he,

for selves fade into Self
as the years turn and change,
and strangeness becomes home
where nothing can be strange.

To Laugh

It's not often I find a writer who makes me laugh out loud, so I'm delighted with a first novel, *Split Ends*, by Pamela Chais (Lippincott, April 6, $7.95). It's about Franna, an attractive, self-deprecating young mother with hair problems, who discovers her husband in flagrante delicto with his secretary, and then the same evening runs into (literally) a young hairdresser who becomes her lover. There's rather more about hairdressing than I care to know ("frosting," dreadful!), and our heroine has the dubious habit of drinking Bloody Marys in the evening (oh, well . . . California). But Miss Chais has a keen eye and a great sense of humor. She likens her mother-in-law's mouth to a Phillips-head screw and says of one of her kids: "David was sleeping as most five-year-old boys do, flat on his back, mouth wide open, as if he had been dropped from a three-story building." Here's a scene from her wedding party:

. . . on top of the wedding cake, the little groom doll kept tipping over, causing the little bride doll to fall facedown in the icing, the groom on top of her. Franna kept picking them both up (once she licked the groom doll off while Ezra's aunt studied her with disapproval) and setting their little feet firmly back into the icing. But each time she passed through the room in search of more champagne, there they were again, stretched out like two accident victims on the sugary surface.

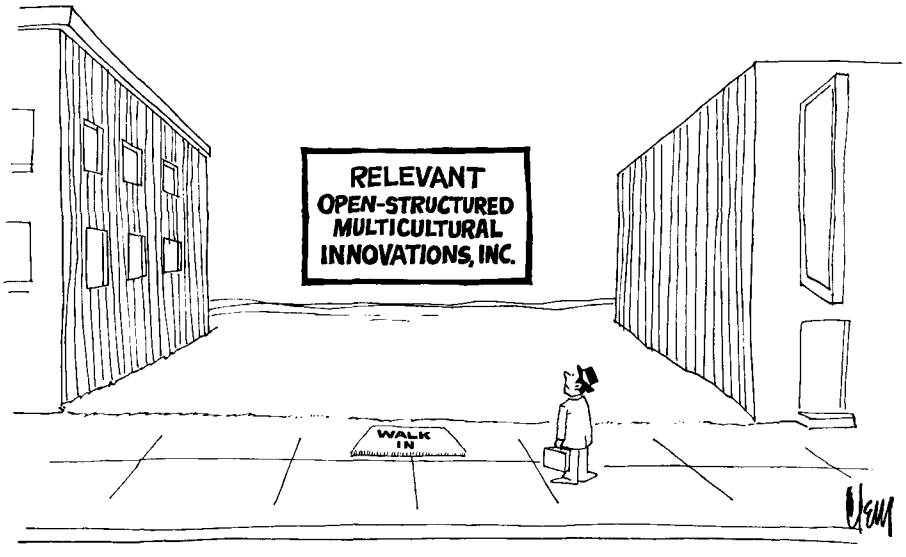
A Matter of Impotence

No good: to be fifty-nine and madly in love with a nineteen-year-old girl. That's what Romain Gary's novel *Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid* (Braziller, April 11, $8.95) tells us. We have a rich French industrialist, a former Resistance leader, whose empire is crumbling coincidentally with his virility. Frankly, he's more worried about the virility than the empire, and who can blame him? It all gets pretty graphic and at the same time has plenty of typically lovely Gary writing and insights: "She turned her eyes away to let me look at her uninhibitedly, with that slightly guilty, slightly hypocritical smile she had when she knew she was being admired." Or this:

The day was coming to a close, draping us in a lacework mantle of light and shadows already a bit yellowed with age, while the burgeoning spring displayed its ladybugs and butterflies. The river Loire was taking her twilight promenade before retiring for the night; she made her way with slow deliberation, for the great lady was very old and her path winding. Across the river we could see well-tended fields and gently rolling hills. This was one of the corners of rural France where time seems to be folded back upon itself. On the horizon no chateaux, no cathedrals lent themselves to picture-postcard perspectives, proclaimed a landscape "rich in historical associations." Here, Madame Loire could savor her outing in tranquillity and seclusion. Occasionally, from the neighboring forest, one caught the echo of a young girl's joyful laugh, followed by a long suggestive silence. Yet it was a most dignified forest, a forest of ancient lineage, and one always approached it with respectful steps.

Sopchoppy and Such

The part of the South that I know best is that section of the Florida panhandle that boasts towns with such catchy names as Sopchoppy and Panacea, the latter being the locale of *The Living Dock at Panacea* by Jack Rudloe (Knopf, April 28, $10), a nature book to put on the same shelf as *Pilgrim at Tinker's Creek* and *Beautiful Swimmers*—and that's sayin' something! Mr. Rudloe runs the Gulf Specimen Company, which gathers live marine creatures and ships them to universities and aquariums. He dredges the marshes looking for such glamorous items as electric rays, spiny boxfish, rosebud coral, and lion's paw scallops, as well as the more mundane squid, crabs, and even sharks. The ecology in his neck of the Gulf is in a terrible state, and he is particularly angry about the hundreds of thousands of porpoises, farther out to sea, that are "drowning in the tuna nets of the Americans and having their throats cut by the Japanese." ◉



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The Greening of the Black-and-White

by Margaret R. Weiss

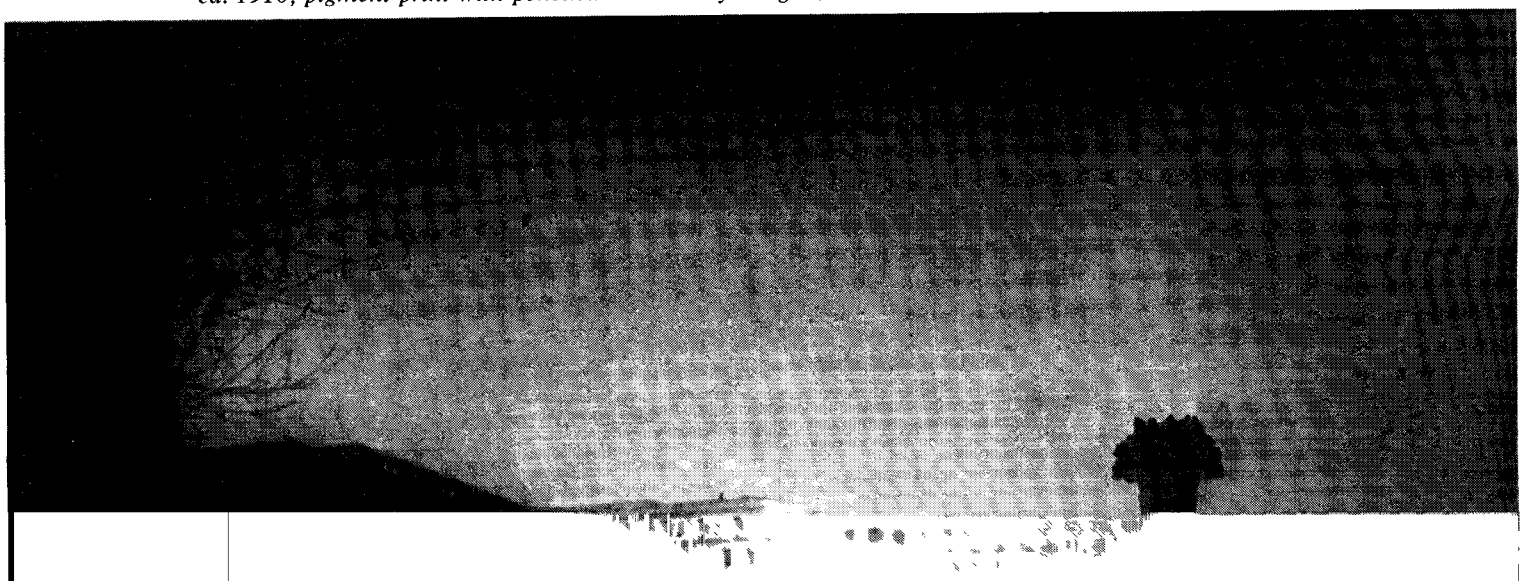
Part I: At the Auctions

ONE reads art newsletters, listens to the bidding in auction salesrooms, and counts the number of well-established art galleries now on the photographic-print bandwagon—and one wonders what is behind the sudden greening of the black-and-white in the marketplace. Is it a case of collector's fever or dealer fervor? Merely a reflection of increased aesthetic appreciation of the medium or the result of aggressive merchandising and power-play tactics by a few of the large art dealers?

The camera press talks of "the gold rush and print prospectors," "the new breed of collector," and "the new art market." With a more clinical eye, the financial wizards of *The Wall Street Journal* have focused on the bottom line to report "new values in vintage photographs." *Fortune*, in a style befitting its name, recently devoted several color folios to a roundup of affluent "Investors in Camera Masterpieces," while *Trusts and Estates* called its readers' attention to "the photograph as an estate asset." In a capsule report headlined "Photo Phenomenon"—its term for the proliferation of art dealers taking the plunge into photography—a recent *New York Times* arts-

Edward Steichen: "Nocturne—Orangerie Staircase, Versailles," ca. 1910, pigment print with penciled notation by Stieglitz.

Photographs from Sotheby Parke Bernet, Inc.



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Julia Margaret Cameron: "Elaine," albumen print from Illustrations to Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and Other Poems, *Volume II, London, 1875.*

and-leisure guide attributed the action to the medium's "availability to the public at moderate prices."

Certainly there are moderate-priced prints—even some bargain-priced ones—to be found in the bins of most art and photo galleries. But to gauge the direction and velocity of the "boomsday" winds, one must examine the commodity-market climate of the New York and London auctions where the large art dealers have become both major consignors and competitive traders of camerawork. This is the arena of the pedigreed "collectibles" that have been fetching record-breaking prices and making headline copy for the past half-dozen years or so. (The offerings reflect William Fine's fad-fashion-style dictum [*SR*, February 5, 1977] in action, and bidders' response to all three categories is a mirror image of prevailing tastes and trends in the collecting field.)

In the main, the accent is on nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century subjects, with their combined appeals of nostalgia, history, and traditional printing techniques. Most likely to be seen are a sampling of British, French, and American "primitives," Civil War reportage, the American Indian, topographical views of the Old West, Victorian portraiture, FSA documents, and the fashions of the late Twenties and the Thirties. Above all and inevitably, there are the three redoubtables —Stieglitz, Steichen, and *Camera Work*— as well as that trio of classic image-makers: Weston, Strand, and Ansel Adams.

Whether a photograph is by a past or present master, such art-market factors as condition, rarity, and vintage affect its trade value and pricing. To the print-collecting cognoscenti, *original* and *vintage* are key words in any acquisition. A vintage print is one that has been made close to the date of the original exposure; to be classified as an original print requires that it be "printed from the original negative by the photographer himself or under his personal supervision and finally approved by him, signed and dated." With the possible exception of the earliest camerawork, rarity is difficult to assess. Even in the case of a documented limited-edition album or portfolio, additional prints are always a possibility as long as the negative is extant. As for uniqueness, only such one-of-a-kind images as those produced by

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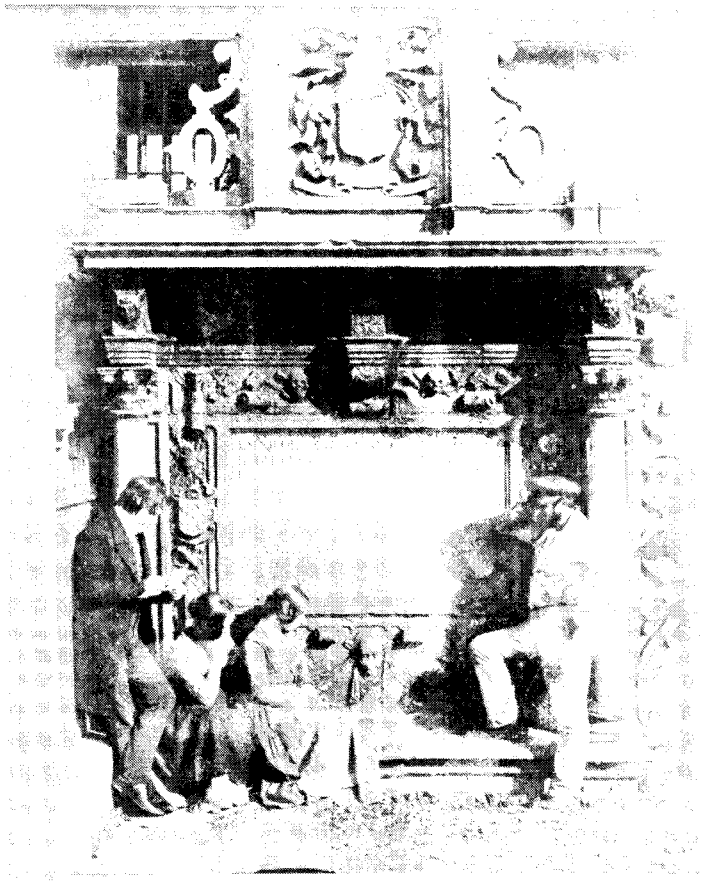

daguerreotypy meet the test, since the process leaves no negative in its wake.

Into whose collections are the majority of original and vintage master prints going? Museums, universities, historical societies, a few large corporations and banks, and a modest contingent of private collectors. My own clipping file of "Collectors and Collections," which covers a ten-year span, reveals the same names surfacing over and over. Except for several much quoted individuals, the "new breed of collector" is apparently less anxious for publicity, or no longer as newsworthy.

Some idea of escalating prices may be gleaned from checking the hardy perennials—Atget to Adams—that seem to crop up at almost every auction. Alexander Gardner's *Photographic Sketch Book of the War,* which sold for $1,300 in 1967, brought $17,000 at Sotheby Parke Bernet in 1977. A complete set of Edward Curtis's *The North American Indian,* $11,000 in

Robert Adamson: "Portrait of David Octavius Hill and His Nieces at Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh," ca. 1843, calotype on original card mount.

Edward Weston: "The Breast," 1921, platinum print with inscribed message.

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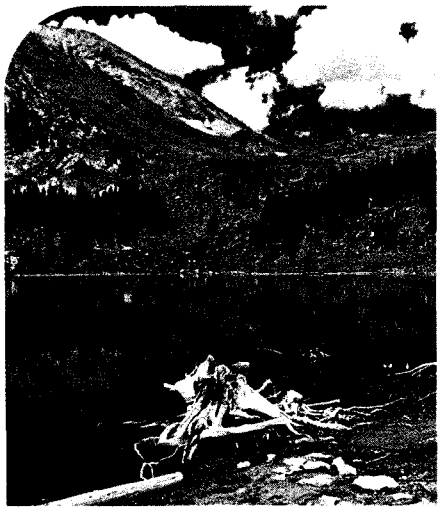

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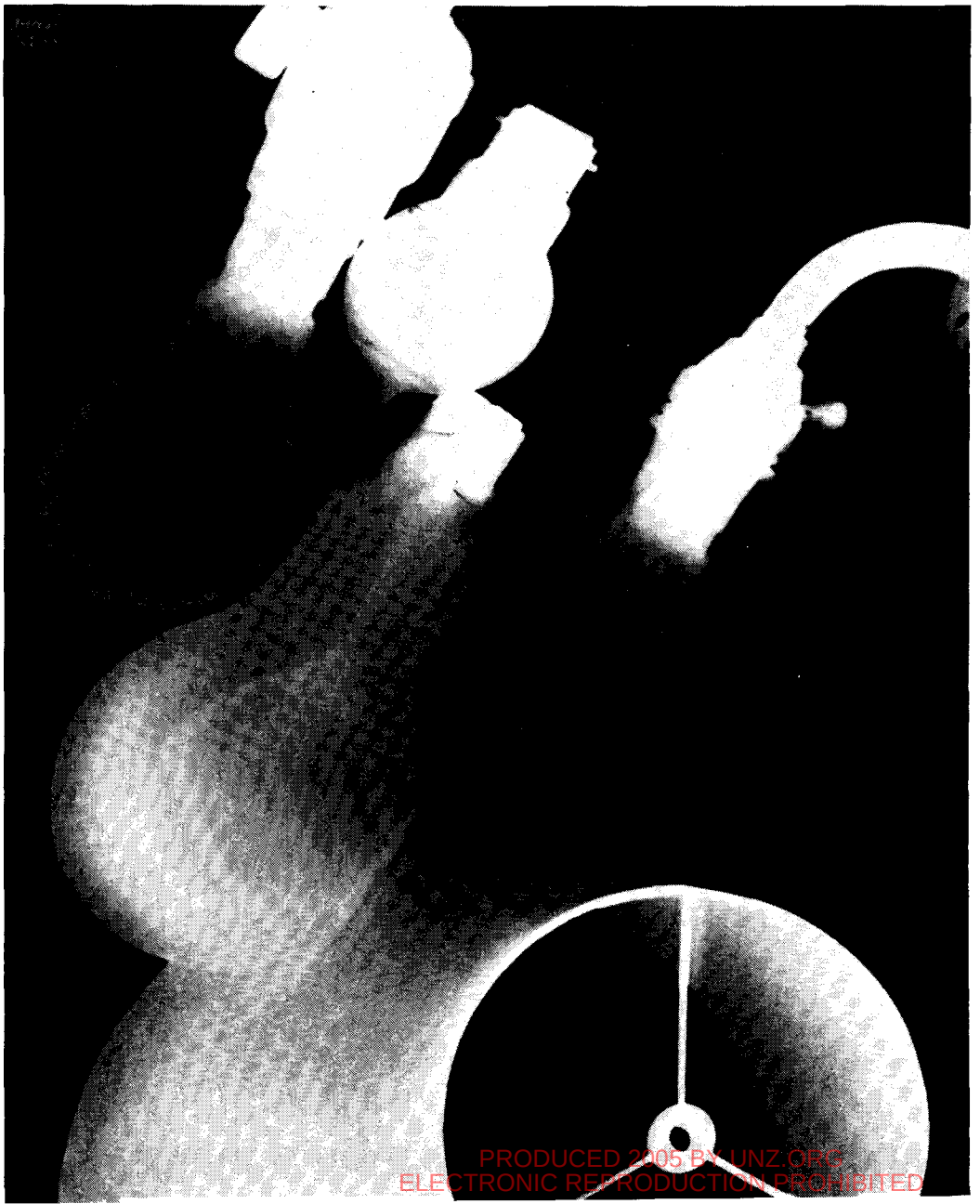
late 1975, fetched $60,000 the following autumn. The same year, *Camera Work #36, October 1911* hit a record high of $5,500. Volume II of Julia Margaret Cameron's *Illustrations to Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and Other Poems*, sold for $4,250 in New York last November—four times its £420 price at Sotheby's Belgravia in 1972. Stieglitz's photogravure "The Steerage" went for $3,100, while his "Poplars, Lake George" brought $4,100; Steichen's "Nocturne—Orangerie Staircase, Versailles," a pigment print circa 1910 with a penciled notation by Stieglitz, sold for $4,750. The 1977 going rate for a vintage Atget has soared to $1,600; for Man Ray's *Electricité* portfolio of ten photogravure rayograms, $2,600; and for Ansel Adams's classic "Moonrise—Hernandez, New Mexico" (circa 1941), $1,300. One item, estimated at $500 to $800, was bid up to $19,000 by a pair of dealers vying for possession: Gertrude Käsebier's folio scrapbook of Steichen photogravures, test prints, and drawings.

Freewheeling American bidders at the London auctions, who were responsible for driving prices of the Hill-and-Adamson and Julia Margaret Cameron presentation albums to high-five and six figures, may end by cutting off one of their own best sources of nineteenth-century rarities. In two instances, transatlantic transfer was successfully blocked by an appeal to British national pride and philanthropy, and the treasures never left home. The renaissance of interest in photography across the Channel—the newly organized National Foundation of Photography, a special museum just launched near the Luxembourg Gardens, and another to be opened in the Georges Pompidou Center—will doubtless keep some prime vintage French material on native soil.

Victorian cameras were busily snapping away in many corners of the earth, and today's photohistorians are picking up the trail of veteran lensmen of other countries and continents. Early practitioners of Brazil and New Zealand are among the latest discoveries coming to light—and to auction. The next ones undoubtedly will be the pioneers of Eastern Europe, whose documentary talents are just now beginning to receive scholarly attention in the international journals of photography. Given time and the lure of coin of the realm, even the last Manchu empress's darkroom treasure may find its way over the Great Wall and into the marketplace.

To date, the boomsday market for prints shows no sign of running out of inventory or impetus. It took a long time for photography to gain "art" status in the museums, but only a comparatively short one for art dealers to promote and merchandise it as a collector's item. ◉

Part II of this report will appear in a forthcoming issue.



Man Ray: One of ten photogravure rayograms from Electricité, *Paris, 1931.*

Gerard Murrell

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Theater

Albee and Mamet: The War of the Words

by Gordon Rogoff

EDWARD ALBEE began by writing plays in which language joined fable to produce at least one passionate disclosure. His people lived and talked on the edge of a violence that occurred either in a physical action (Jerry prodding Peter to kill him in *The Zoo Story*) or in a verbal admission (George and Martha killing their mythical son in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*). What survives in those plays is not the violence, but rather the motor energy of the language. It is a raw, elemental, insistent language, dragging its people from their guarded emotional lairs, compelling each to acknowledge the presence—the real life—of the other.

Albee's new short plays, *Counting the Ways* and *Listening*, performed on a double bill recently by the Hartford Stage Company under the author's flaccid direction, are about people without names, hiding behind a language without passion.

Prince, Lansbury, and Anderman in Albee's Listening, *a "chamber play."*
Gerry Goodstein

True, Albee was always jabbing at the shadows cast by words. Even in *Virginia Woolf* he wanted us to notice that the blond, blue-eyed myth was also a metaphor. But he was not yet in the mortal grip of words as artifacts—crazy, threatening figures with lives of their own. Words have enemies in most of Albee's plays ("The plural is gone out of us," says the lawyer in *Tiny Alice*), and in these two plays the enemies are identified at last as other words.

Neither play makes much of plot or character. *Counting the Ways* is supposed to be "a vaudeville," a series of blackout encounters between She (Angela Lansbury) and He (William Prince). They are a married couple meeting twenty to thirty times across the dinner table in order to learn how much, if at all, they love each other. Over a gray space, with the table and two chairs in the middle, hangs a sign bearing the title of the play. This unfolds later to reveal another sign marked with the words IDENTIFY YOURSELF—at which point, She comes forward and says, "Good evening, I'm Angela Lansbury" (her only real moment all night), followed by a similar presentation from Prince. Still later, She walks into the yawning blackness of the backstage area, and He calls after her, "Where are you going?" To which She replies, "Off."

The territory is familiar: the brittleness of Coward, the allusiveness of Pinter, and even, to my surprise, the distancing of Brecht. Or is it Pirandello this time—two characters in search of their elusive author? Albee used to be available, but now he seems to be locked in a monkish cell populated only by theatrical quotation and decorative words.

First, there are the *words-profound*, which, on closer scrutiny, say absolutely nothing: "There are two things—cease and corruption"; or, "Pain is a misunderstanding, it's really loss what it's about." Then there are the *words-precious*: "We were still maidens—head and hood"; or, "Thousands have lived without love, but none without shirts." The latter, we are quickly informed, is a parody of a line by Auden, which—the playwright allows—some of us knew. Auden is, in fact, "one of the ones I cried when he died." And so we have the glory borrowed from Auden and the sentiment borrowed from another poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, both in the play's title and in an exchange that quotes the famous line: "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways." Finally, there are the *words-self-congratulatory*: "We all had a bit of pudge—that's a nice way of putting it"; or the observation after a question that it was "good phrasing."

In *Listening*, Lansbury is The Woman, Prince is The Man, and Maureen Anderman is added to the cast as The Girl. This is a "chamber play" (allusion: Strindberg). Housman is the poet whose line nobody can remember in this play, and the encounter, while even more about language than the first play's, nevertheless ends in real blood. Real stage blood, that is. There is more deliberate mystery here, hence more words of the profound, precious, or self-congratulatory kind, especially the litany repeated monotonously by The Girl: "You don't listen—pay attention, rather, is what you don't do."

Some phrases don't try so hard to sound like writing. "I was surprised you turned away," The Woman says to The Man. "Many don't." But most of them made me long for *Counting the Ways*. What was symptom there grows into epidemic here. Did you ever think before about the "codpiece of the psyche"? Do you believe that "we all wish to devour ourselves, be the subject and the object"? Are you attracted to "the hot, moist, suffocating center" of anybody's "temporal being"? What would you say to someone who charged you to "get behind that sentence, find out what precedes"? Do you have any idea what it might be like to "hear . . . pupils widen"? I'm afraid there is more, much more, and I suppose that when The Woman says, "God, what a language!" we are meant to feel some relief about Albee's consciousness of, if not about his culpability in, the crimes against that language.

Is there anything lurking behind this awful fuss of words? Nostalgia, of course. When feelings don't show, can memories be far behind? Albee gives Miss Lansbury one piquant recollection in *Counting the Ways*, about a dinner party given by her sister and attended by two men who do or do not know that one of them—but which one?—is dying of cancer. Albee has also released some tenderness between He and She that I don't recall in his other plays. Yet even as he brushes against a simple

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feeling, he wrenches himself away with still another preposterous verbal twitch. The Woman in *Listening* admits that she cried when her parents and cats died, when she turned forty, and when someone lied to her for the first time. All very genuine, for a change. But Albee has to add, "I cried when I died," which is plainly not true. And plainly not out of her mouth, but out of his. No wonder that he is agitating for people to listen. He talks so much and has so little to say.

DAVID MAMET is apparently listening to America's lower class. The news he brings back in his new play, *American Buffalo* (at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre on Broadway), is that Americans living on the dark underside of small business and petty crookery speak of macho frustrations almost entirely in four-letter words. If the news doesn't seem new or persuasive, that may be because we have heard more antiseptic versions of it on big and little screens, where—with a little soap in their mouths—*American Buffalo*'s trio of charmless deadbeats would be more at home.

Robert Duvall's Walter Cole (known as Teacher) is the latest in a long line of Stanley Kowalskis trying to mimic the language they think businessmen use. Some of the linguistic turns are cleverly heard: Teacher-Kowalskis do like to say words like *averse*, *deviate*, *instance*; and they love to talk about planning, preparation, business propositions, and facing facts. Duvall's performance has as much body in it as it does dirty English, but it is more an expert impersonation of an archetype than an enactment of an authentic event.

How could it be otherwise? Mamet is imitating a hundred Bogart, Cagney, Robinson, and Brando movies, and he's not bad at the job. His dialogue has some of the vivacity missing from those movies. They were better at plot, however; and they didn't always treat Bogart and company like dummies. In *The Maltese Falcon*, Wilmer wasn't bright, but he had dignity. Mamet patronizes his trio: he is out to kill and get laughs. Modest ambitions, modestly achieved.

Albee's privileged agonizers could use a shot of Mamet's verve, while Mamet's sentimental slobs wouldn't be hurt by a touch of Albee's former gravity. Albee has read—and written—too many highfalutin plays, and Mamet has seen too many low-brow movies. With friends like these two, words don't need enemies. ◉

Music to My Ears

Carter's Symphony; Beethoven by Maazel

by Irving Kolodin

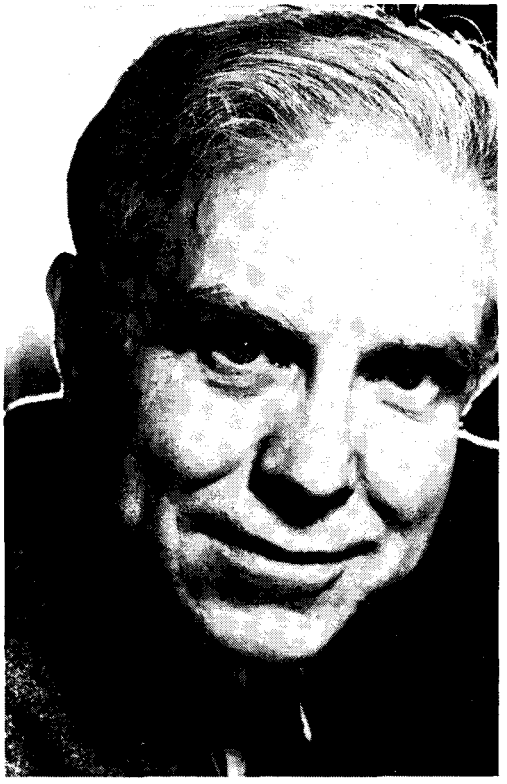
NO AMERICANS and few Europeans are producing, at the present time, music with the quality and consistency of Elliott Carter's. His *Symphony of Three Orchestras* (written on a Bicentennial commission from the National Endowment for the Arts) is a work of stunning authority and imposing imagination. Its first performance by the New York Philharmonic, in Avery Fisher Hall, added luster to the achievements of Pierre Boulez in his final months as the orchestra's music director.

The title, it may be noted, is not a symphony *for* orchestra, or a symphony *for three* orchestras. The work relates only incidentally to the common concept of symphony, having little to do with thematic manipulation or developmental processes. But it has everything to do with the much older concept of symphony (or *sinfonia*), meaning simply a "musical ensemble." Hence, in the Carterian sense, the title applies to a coming together of three ensembles.

In a more specific sense, it belongs to the category of "Second Generation" Bartók (*SR*, February 7, 1976). It carries further, along Carter's own lines, the redistribution of resources possessed by our symphony orchestras to unshackle the ties to long-established concepts of tonal weight, dynamic distribution, and coloristic identity. There is hardly anything on the stage not included in the normal complement of Philharmonic personnel: but the redistribution and rearrangement afford a decentralization of sound that may require a few additional players not normally on the Philharmonic's payroll.

At first glance, the onstage groupings resemble those for the conventional repertory, from Mozart (and in greater numerical strength) to Mahler. There are violins to the right and to the left, lots of percussion at the back. But a second glance shows clumps of double basses to the right, to the left, and at the rear. The same, generally speaking, applies to the cellos and other entities accustomed to playing together and staying together.

More to the point, rearrangement is not, for Carter, as it is to some others, an end in itself. It serves the purpose of distributing sound from the directions and in the combinations that take shape in his mind, in a manner much harder to achieve under normal circumstances. As an instance, several double basses at the performance were on the fringe of the percussion group, rather than a stage-width away. When the basses plucked a low note pizzicato and the



Elliott Carter—"Stunning authority."

tympanist lightly struck the head of an instrument tuned to the same pitch, the sound was blended, not dispersed. That sort of thing.

And it was precisely that sort of thing that prevailed from the start, in a light blending of high violin sound, piccolos, and upper-range piano. A mid-range flute dissolved into the timbre of the trumpet on the same pitch. The texture was prismatic, open, airy, diverse. It conveyed to the ear

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the effect on the eye of a wash of color on canvas. There was, as more instruments joined the mixture, a kind of harmonic infrastructure lying just below the threshold of cognition (meaning that no recognizable chords emerged, but the total of sound was caressing to the ear). Carter's groups break out into separate entities, but the writing within each is often soloistic.

What did register was a distinctive character defined on one of the early pages of the score by the word *grazioso*. Hardly a common term in the lexicon of contemporary music, it suited exactly what Carter had in mind. Whether this and other fanciful, imaginative touches define a new trend or only a passing fancy in Carter's vocabulary, only he (and perhaps not even he) could say. Sounds shimmer, merge, blend, and dissolve as the measures mount up.

About two thirds of the way along, a new tendency began to assert itself. The tempo accelerated; the players in the three groups became more self-centered and tightly knit. The strings gave out with an enticing idea; the brass roared it down. A familial factionalism pervaded the atmosphere, suggesting selfishness as well as inability to get along.

Carter is well-known for his kinship to the late Charles Ives (who was, indeed, his sponsor for admission to Harvard decades ago). He is, in the Ivesian sense, no "Rollo" (a "Rollo," to Ives, was a conformist, a believer in the established order, one with "lily pad" ears). At the end, *Symphony of Three Orchestras* is more than a little discordant, irresolute rather than unresolved. Is it possible that Carter is trying to tell us something more than musical? That people work better together when we conciliate differences rather than stress them?

Probably not. But the ability to respond to a work of art on several levels is always to its advantage. Very much to the initial advantage of *Symphony of Three Orchestras* was the effort of Boulez and his personnel on behalf of a complex and challenging concept. Doubtless some sounds were accidental rather than intentional: that will remain, as is often the case, for future performances to sort out. *Symphony of Three Orchestras* will have many.

THE recent Beethoven festival, with Lorin Maazel conducting the Cleveland Orchestra six times in Carnegie Hall and once in Avery Fisher Hall, was more notable for orchestral output than for interpretative input. Some of this may relate to Maazel's present list of priorities in such music, which puts clarity, definition of texture, and unity of sound above content.

No doubt Maazel would contend that he has no such "list of priorities," which is exactly the point of this comment. If that is the way it comes out, all his allegations to the contrary are futile. The manner, the look, and the approach to the orchestra demand, rather than command, attention: the performances of such works as the *Egmont*, *Leonore* (Nos. 1 and 3), and *Fidelio* overtures were showy rather than illuminating.

As five of the concerts in Carnegie Hall included Emil Gilels as soloist in one of the piano concertos, the total amounted to a bi-cycle, rather than merely a cycle, of greatness. As it progressed, it tended more and more to a show of virtuosity, in which the great Soviet pianist was enacting a role rather than reacting to the music, and in which Maazel was adding his own form of musical recitations, from memory, to the totality. My sympathies were, inherently, with the members of a great orchestra forced into such indignities as Gilels's decision to replay the andante of the Fourth Concerto as an encore and Maazel's faster than fast tempi in everything but slow movements.

For much of the closing Ninth Symphony, one had the feeling that Maazel was matched, strength to strength, and that the outcome would redeem his excesses in all of Symphony No. 1, much of Symphony No. 2, the finale of No. 4, the rush-through of the *Pastoral*, even the scampering No. 8, which began this final program (I did not hear Nos. 3, 5, and 7). The first movement of the Ninth had a fair share of mystery: the scherzo stormed to imposing heights; the adagio cantabile drew the most beautiful playing of the week from the orchestra's noble string section; and the vocal quartet (situated, literally, in left field) began on a rousing note of affirmation with Marius Rintzler's delivery of "O Freunde"; but it ended on a despairing note of incongruity, as Maazel's treatment of the finale prestissimo careened to the final double bar like a truck in the hands of a very skilled driver on a downgrade. ◉

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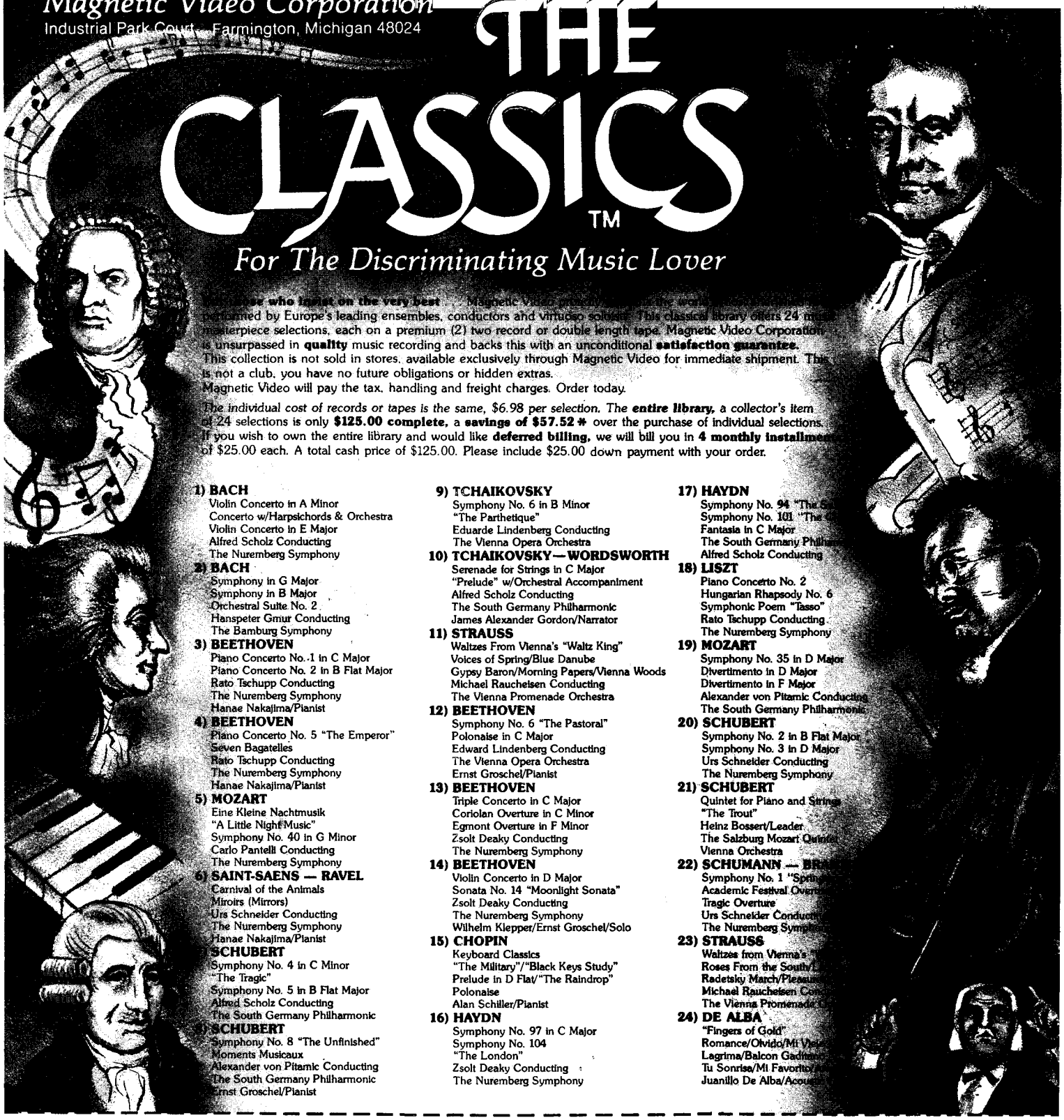

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Hanspeter Gmur Conducting
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Piano Concerto No. 1 in C Major
Piano Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major
Rato Tschupp Conducting
The Nuremberg Symphony
Hanae Nakajima/Pianist

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Piano Concerto No. 5 "The Emperor"
Seven Bagatelles
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Eine Kleine Nachtmusik
"A Little Night Music"
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Carnival of the Animals
Miroirs (Mirrors)
Urs Schneider Conducting
The Nuremberg Symphony
Hanae Nakajima/Pianist

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Symphony No. 4 in C Minor
"The Tragic"
Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major
Alfred Scholz Conducting
The South Germany Philharmonic

8) SCHUBERT
Symphony No. 8 "The Unfinished"
Moments Musicaux
Alexander von Pitamic Conducting
The South Germany Philharmonic
Ernst Groschel/Pianist

9) TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No. 6 in B Minor
"The Parthetique"
Eduarde Lindenberg Conducting
The Vienna Opera Orchestra

10) TCHAIKOVSKY—WORDSWORTH
Serenade for Strings in C Major
"Prelude" w/Orchestral Accompaniment
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Symphony No. 6 "The Pastoral"
Polonaise in C Major
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The Vienna Opera Orchestra
Ernst Groschel/Pianist

13) BEETHOVEN
Triple Concerto in C Major
Coriolan Overture in C Minor
Egmont Overture in F Minor
Zsolt Deaky Conducting
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Violin Concerto in D Major
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Wilhelm Klepper/Ernst Groschel/Solo

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Symphony No. 104
"The London"
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17) HAYDN
Symphony No. 94 "The S...
Symphony No. 101 "The ...
Fantasia in C Major
The South Germany Philha...
Alfred Scholz Conducting

18) LISZT
Piano Concerto No. 2
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6
Symphonic Poem "Tasso"
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The Nuremberg Symphony

19) MOZART
Symphony No. 35 in D Major
Divertimento in D Major
Divertimento in F Major
Alexander von Pitamic Conducting
The South Germany Philharmonic

20) SCHUBERT
Symphony No. 2 in B Flat Major
Symphony No. 3 in D Major
Urs Schneider Conducting
The Nuremberg Symphony

21) SCHUBERT
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"The Trout"
Heinz Bossert/Leader
The Salzburg Mozart Quintet
Vienna Orchestra

22) SCHUMANN — BR...
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Tragic Overture
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Artsletter

A Brooklyn Dropout in the Thick of It

by Roland Gelatt

New York City has an awful lot going against it—the potholed and filthy streets, the bad air, the overburdened public transport, the high cost of living and the low threshold of surliness—but there is one thing going for it that makes the place endurable despite its many defects: the city's thriving cultural life. There are more concerts, more performances of opera and ballet, more public museums and private galleries, more theater and movies, more book and magazine publishers, more painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, dancers, writers per square mile than anywhere else on earth. The arts are as vital to the economy and lifestyle of New York as oranges are to Florida or oil to Texas. And in recognition of that dependency, the city now has a Department of Cultural Affairs to nurture and promote this "natural resource," without which New York simply wouldn't be New York.

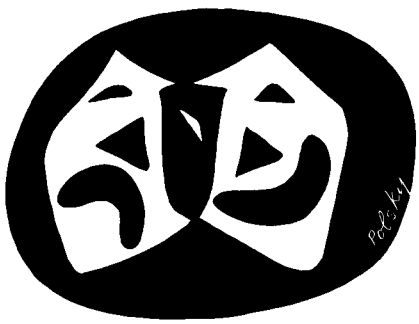
The man who created this unique municipal agency is a dynamic, five-foot-three wonder named Martin E. Segal, one of those tireless benefactors who turn up consistently in the pages of America's cultural history. He was born sixty years ago in Vitebsk, Russia, a distant cousin of the painter Marc Chagall. The 1917 revolution forced the Segals to flee Russia, and eventually they settled in Brooklyn, when Martin was five. Despite an impressive IQ, the boy did badly in school. "I was the despair of my teachers. Except for English and art, I failed at everything, and midway through high school—at the age of fifteen—I was invited to leave."

Fortunately, young Segal had successfully managed the campaign of a schoolmate for class president. This friend's father ran an insurance company, and he charitably offered a job to the seemingly unemployable dropout. Martin, like Charles Ives before him, showed an immediate flair for insurance. At twenty-three, he had made enough money to start his own business. Today, the Martin E. Segal Company is one of the country's largest firms of consultants and actuaries in the employee benefits field.

All the while, Martin Segal's passion for books and the arts remained unrequited. Business came before pleasure. Then, in 1966, the priorities began to shift. Segal took a sabbatical from his firm, went to Paris with his wife, and enrolled as an art student at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière. "During that year in Paris," he says, "I decided to refocus my career." On his return to New York, he sold a major interest in his company.

Almost immediately, his friend William Schuman—then head of Lincoln Center—pounced. Lincoln Center could no longer support its film program. Would Martin help? Soon he found himself president of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, a post he continues to hold. "That was," he says, "my entry into the institutional side of cultural activities. Three years later, in 1970, I was elected to the board of Lincoln Center, and I've been in the thick of it ever since."

Being in the thick of it brought a growing awareness that the city's cultural institutions were sailing into stormy financial weather. Despite booming attendance, New York's performing arts organizations and museums were piling up alarming deficits. If these institutions were forced to close or to curtail their activities, it would not only be bad for art but bad for the city. The time for action arrived when Segal's friend Abraham Beame became mayor in 1974. With the mayor's blessing and $100,000 in grants from foundations, Segal formed a committee to report on the impact of the arts on New York City and to prepare a series of recommendations on cultural policy.



The report estimated that New York's cultural resources were worth $5 billion (which is to say, it would take that much money to replace them); that nonprofit cultural organizations spent $193 million per year and generated tax revenues of $8 million; that commercial theaters and art galleries had annual gross receipts of $1 billion and paid $14.3 million in taxes; and so forth. These were pretty convincing statistics, and early in 1975 the New York city council followed the report's recommendations and established a city commission for cultural affairs. Not surprisingly, Martin E. Segal was named its (unpaid) chairman.

It couldn't have happened at a worse time, for the city itself was tottering on the edge of bankruptcy. Undeterred by the prevailing atmosphere of gloom and doom, Segal pushed ahead and created an independent Department of Cultural Affairs within the city government. That department is now in being, with its own commissioner (H. Claude Shostal), a budget of $30 million (spent chiefly on maintenance grants to the city's cultural institutions), and soon-to-come headquarters in the New York Cultural Center at Columbus Circle (a gift from Gulf & Western).

At Segal's behest, the commission is now intent on proving to the American people that what's good for New York, culturally speaking, is good for the nation. A report just published, titled "New York City as a National Cultural Resource," demonstrates that the city's artistic wealth is extensively shared throughout the country. During a two-year period, from mid-1974 to mid-1976, a total of 48 states received museum loans or were visited by performing arts groups from New York City (the two wallflowers were Idaho and Nevada).

"This report proves," Martin Segal says, "how energetically New York's institutions of art and culture reach out to serve cities elsewhere in America and throughout the world. The federal government disburses money to activities that contribute to the nation's well-being. There is a cotton subsidy for the South, a farm subsidy in the Midwest. Here in New York it cost billions of dollars to put together these organizations that have brought benefits to the entire country. New York shares these resources and is glad to do so. All it expects is a fair share of support." ◉

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The Movies

Unspeakable Acts, Unprintable Speech

by Judith Crist

Follow Machiavelli, but don't quote me.

THUS speaks the Kissinger of *Nasty Habits*, a globe-trotting missionary-nun offering words of wisdom from abroad ("Rebellion against a tyrant is immoral when it hasn't a chance—Thomas Aquinas"), but keeping her skirts tidily clean of the outrageous goings-on in her Philadelphia convent. And outrageous—and amusing—they are in this George Barrie–Robert Enders film, derived by Enders from Muriel Spark's 1974 novella *The Abbess of Crewe*, which set the Watergate affair behind convent walls.

By now there is, perhaps, too little novelty and depth too lately delivered in the satire, which is made more pointed primarily by the transfer of setting from England to the outskirts of Philadelphia. But the screen is set aglow by so brilliant a series of performances by outstanding actresses, so marked by droll notions and sparked by true wit and high style (with shades of the author's Miss Jean Brodie's crème de la crème in fine fettle), that one hesitates to examine too closely the lack of overall imagination and the pedestrianisms that keep the movie earthbound, with slightly heavy-handed scriptwriting to supplement the uninspired direction provided by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, whose style was so admirable in the Beatles' *Let It Be*.

The pure gold is provided by the women, starting with the late Dame Edith Evans in a feisty introductory cameo as the dying old abbess who departs without official designation of a successor, despite her personal choice of Glenda Jackson's Alexandra. Alexandra, with Geraldine Page's Walburga and Anne Jackson's Gertrude as cohorts, is determined to win the election by fair means or foul: "Unless I fulfill my destiny, my mother's labor pains will have been pointless." Her rival is an emancipated young nun given to talking about love and such, an enemy Alexandra paranoidally overestimates. Under the guise of modernity, she has the abbey bugged—from the belly of the Infant of Prague in her office to the very poplars lining the meditation walk. Her henchmen arrange the burglary of her rival's sewing box by some Jesuit students in search of love letters, but they net only a thimble; and finally the dumbest of the nuns is relegated to dealing with the burglars turned blackmailers, while the rebellious young nun takes to the streets, the press, and television to blow the whistle. Jackson is no less than superb as the master planner aglow with self-righteousness ("Proceed, but don't tell me about it; if I am to be Abbess of Philadelphia such knowledge does not become me"); Page and Jackson are the ultimate Erlichman-Haldeman convinced sycophants; Anne Meara is dandy as a meat-and-potatoes assistant; Melina Mercouri's world-traveling missionary is more than a Greek chorus (her attempt to "reconcile" cannibalism and the celebration of the mass is a gem among several); and Susan Penhaligon is a pretty little rebel. But it is Sandy Dennis, as the loud-voiced, simpleminded tool given to rendezvousing with the blackmailers in the ladies' room at Wanamaker's or, in drag, in the men's room of a public lavatory, who steals the show right out from under the others while proving herself a thoroughly original comedienne of first rank.

Glenda Jackson—"The screen set aglow."

The women relegate the men to almost intrusive minor roles, but Rip Torn, as a foxy Jesuit, Jerry Stiller, as a public-relations priest, and Eli Wallach, as a comfortable Vatican archbishop, do well by their moments. And peace is made with the Catholic Church, of course, by describing the disordered order as a "quasi-Jesuit, quasi-Benedictine" one, with origins in France, development in England, and lots of property in its American habitat.

Along the way, too, the political-power fight is reduced to a duel between the snobs and the populists, between "ladies" and "the bourgeois"—all of which makes the watching more comfortable. But *Nasty Habits* is more worth watching for its less comfortable moments, the sophisticated insights of the performances, and, above all, Sandy Dennis's delightful comic creation.

ACKNOWLEDGING that *Nasty Habits* provided a clutch of actresses with more succulent roles than women have had offered to them in years, and that they filled them well, Bella Abzug noted recently in the course of a radio talk show that she objected to the all-female depiction of a Watergate scandal: women in power, the idealistic former congresswoman declared, would never let such vile shenanigans come to pass. Not all her fellow discussants, including myself, agreed. Women's ways are, shall we say, unpredictable—a thought provoked by the fact that a female screenwriter, Nancy Dowd, a graduate of Smith, has managed in another film to come up with the foulest-mouthed script in my experience, with the film's promotion carrying the added advisory that "certain language may be too strong for children." It proved, in fact, to be too strong for any number of adults at the screening I attended—including a professional hockey player.

The screenplay is for *Slap Shot*, George Roy Hill's comedy about a third-rate minor-league ice-hockey team on the verge of extinction. Reminiscent of *Paperback Hero*, a 1975 Canadian film that approached the subject seriously, what plot there is stems from the player-coach's attempt to inspire a last-ditch reversal of the team's losing streak and to reconcile, amid his womanizing, with his wife. What point there is, beyond the depiction of seedy hockey pros and their fans as foul-mouthed, bloodlusting semiliterates, eludes me.

Hill, need one note, has proved himself

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a master filmmaker, with such outstanding films as *The World of Henry Orient* and *Slaughterhouse-Five* among his credits, such worthy successes as *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *The Sting* to give him carte blanche, and his lyricism and sensitivity most recently demonstrated in *The Great Waldo Pepper*. One presumes that he was after some kind of insight into the men and mores of minor-league sport, some kind of statement on the deterioration of spectator sport into blood sport, some thought on violence. He gives us a preliminary interest at the start in ultra-macho and highly comic terms, but before long the brutishness of both his characters and their comedy becomes boring, the assault on eye and ear inuring us to any possible subtlety or innuendo he intends. The characters are one-dimensional, to match the one-liners, and the level of the entertainment is such that, in desperation for a final laugh, he has to resort to the drop-your-pants tradition, winding up with a pointless hockey-player striptease.

Facsimile, it has been truly said, is not art. Dowd apparently gleaned her knowledge of male locker-room jargon from her brother, the film's technical adviser and a former player for the Johnstown Jets, who are used as prototypes and on screen as well. And facsimile her script might be. But non-hockey addicts need a strong stomach indeed for the blood-and-expletive mix.

Paul Newman, his face scarred and his teeth given a denture look, brings his usual charm to the player-coach role, but even he seems out of tune with the gutter talk. Jennifer Warren, so interesting a personality in *Night Moves*, manages to make no mark on the feelings in the role of his alienated wife, and Michael Ontkean, as an educated, nonviolent player, provides little beyond a graceful striptease on skates. There are comic moments from Steve and Jeff Carlson and David Hanson, actual Jet players portraying a brotherly trio of moronic and murderous team newcomers; from Yvon Barrette as an overwhelmed French-Canadian goalie; and from Andrew Duncan as a sportscaster. But all play second fiddle to the predominant notion that bare behinds and four-letter words make for high comedy.

CONTRIVED suspense does not make for thrills in *The Domino Principle*, producer-director Stanley Kramer's contribution to the conspiracy-theory-of-assassination paranoids among us. Adam Kennedy, the author of both the screenplay and the 1975 novel on which it is based, has proved his own worst enemy, deleting from the screenplay the characterizations and, above all, the temper of the times that made his original work so good a "read."

What emerges on screen is an initially involving and ominous mystery story, as a series of button-down-collar types spirit Gene Hackman out of San Quentin and into various hotel rooms and settings while preparing him for some mysterious mission. The mystery of it all is so complicated and attenuated, constantly punctuated with a variety of threats and killings and speculations about who "they" might be, that it becomes more muddle than riddle—and we get to the obvious early on. But so much illogic has been scattered along the way, so many questions raised and unanswered, that the impact of truth, let alone the possibilities thereof, is totally vitiated. Hackman, as always, gives credibility to a character, even in incredible situations; Candice Bergen, still attractive in a tacky wig supposed to indicate her lower-class origins, is adequate as the wife used to "squeeze" him; and Richard Widmark and Edward Albert are first-rate menaces. But all is as predictable as the use of freeze frames for climax and lyrical soft focus for love scenes. The Kennedy tale is better between covers; blown up on the big screen, all the holes show.

Even without contrast, there's cozy relief in *Christian the Lion*, a "true story" about the rehabilitation of a zoo-born lion in a wild game preserve in Kenya, written, produced, and directed by Bill Travers and James Hill. Travers and his wife, Virginia McKenna, were, of course, the movie stars of *Born Free*. Because of this they are involved in the lion's future by the two young Australians who had bought the cub in a London department-store Christmas sale, but found their problems growing with him. The rehabilitation process is conducted under the direction of George Adamson (former husband of the author of *Born Free*), who is still in Kenya—and what a fascinating process it turns out to be! There is more natural excitement in the animal relationships, in the exploration of instinct, in the several attempts to make Christian a part of a pride and finally to give him a pride of his own than in a flood of man-made thrillers. An "adult" animal film in its avoidance of sentimentality and the cutes, the film is one to be enjoyed by all ages. And it's guaranteed to send aleurophiles home to their pets demanding, as I did, "Why can't a pussycat be more like a lion?" ◉

Dance

by Walter Terry

Winnipeg

A RUSSIAN name that ends in *ova* has got to be that of a prima ballerina, right? At least in the world of dance these glamorous concluding syllables have been graced by such as Pavlova, Markova, Danilova, Ulanova, Makarova, and even Disney's delightful ostrich ballerina in *Fantasia*, Mlle. Upanova. On rare occasions, however, it may designate a prima of a closely related, but very different, order.

Vera Volkova was never a prima ballerina (she once said to me, "I was pretty good but not special, except maybe in *Coppélia*"), but she was, for her era, indisputably prima (or "first") as a pedagogue, as one of the greatest ballet teachers of this century. Volkova, who died in the spring of 1975, not only gave to the stages of the world a dazzling array of ballet artists (among them Dame Margot Fonteyn, Erik Bruhn, Maria Tallchief, Rudolf Nureyev) who came under her tutelage over a period of thirty-odd years, but she also bequeathed a method, a concept, a philosophy, even a magic of teaching for those younger teachers who wished to change from being her disciples to being her apostles. During much of her teaching career she was based in Copenhagen, where she was principal teacher of the Royal Danish Ballet from 1952 till her death; but even here in distant Winnipeg, her pedagogical heritage is not only secure but vibrantly evolutionary.

Arnold Spohr, director of Canada's internationally acclaimed Royal Winnipeg Ballet (performances in 374 cities in 23 countries on four continents), has compiled nine precious notebooks of Volkova classes in a detailed record of the order, sequence, composition, phrasings, placements of the body, and instructional comments for the opening barre work of every class; with complex and demanding adagios away from the support of the barre, elaborate and instructive combinations (enchaînements) of steps, allegro combinations, pointe work for the women, leaps and beats and aerial sorties for the men.

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Volkova: Pedagogical Prima

Volkova—"Like water in the desert."

Spohr, after attending his first Volkova class some years ago, said it was "like finding water in the desert." He started his notebooks then. Scraps, snippets, full sheets of paper recording in the most exacting detail many variations of barre work, hundreds of training sequences, and pithy, revealing remarks by the ballet mistress herself have been pasted into these master notebooks. They have been jotted down by Spohr, over the years, in Volkova classes at the Royal Theater in Copenhagen, and most especially at the prestigious Banff Centre School of Fine Arts in western Canada, where Volkova taught for many summers.

Spohr, because of his directorial burdens, teaches only occasionally, but David Moroni, "principal of the professional programme" at the 900-student school of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, is an active, dedicated, and immensely gifted disciple-apostle of Volkova. Until recently a leading dancer with the Royal Winnipeg, Moroni studied with Volkova over an eight-year period in Copenhagen, Banff, Atlanta, or wherever her teaching engagements took her. Moroni's notebooks on Volkova classes are even more detailed than Spohr's, and his association with her was that of a pedagogical protégé rather than that of a potential *premier danseur*. "She had a terrible fear," says Moroni, "that all her work would be lost. She used to say that ballet training was like a snowball that accumulated size and power as it rolled through the years. She had been a special protégée of Vaganova, and she wanted Vaganova's methods to be available to the next generation of teachers. Just before her death, she had offered to come to Winnipeg to supervise an entire ballet training program for young children."

Vera Volkova had indeed been a favorite of the great Agrippina Vaganova, whose teaching methods came to form the training schedule of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet. In fact, the official school of the Kirov bears the name of the Vaganova Choreographic Institute. Galina Ulanova, the Soviet Union's *prima ballerina assoluta*, and Vera Volkova, the "absolute" teacher, were both products of Vaganova. And in the prairie country of Manitoba, David Moroni, a Canadian, is an inheritor of this remarkable Vaganova–Volkova snowballing ballet instruction force as well.

More than once, while watching Moroni's classes here in Winnipeg, I felt the Volkova presence. The exercises, the combinations, the almost mini-dances that she designed for class culminations were there, and so, too, was her emphasis on movement explanations designed to clarify the customary, bare instructions such as "*failli assemblé*," "*coupé chassé pas de bourrée*," or the like. There were the Volkova-like word images, also, as when Moroni, asking for "*rond de jambe à terre*" at the barre, suggested to his charges that "your feet should massage the floor"; or when, in calling for a port de bras, with arms rising from first to second to fifth positions en haut, he said, "Your arms are angel wings."

The last time I saw Volkova was about three years ago in Copenhagen. She was teaching a company class for the male soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet. It was a class filled with superbly taught ballet fundamentals, with challenging movement inventions, with those remarkable word images, some hilariously funny, that burst like a light of revelation with respect to any kind of movement, from a full-body thrust into space to the tilt of a nose. At the end of the class, her famous dancing charges, who had performed on the great stages of the world, applauded her not politely but fervently. Niels Kehlet, one of the great male dancers of our day, walked by me and said, "You know, I've had classes from Vera every week since I was a boy, and even today I learned things from her about dancing I never knew before." Shaking his head, a damp towel over his shoulder, he headed for his dressing room murmuring, "Incredible. . . ."

In Winnipeg, the incredible Volkova heritage goes on. It's very much alive elsewhere, too. The great dancers of the Stuttgart Ballet, Marcia Haydee and Richard Cragun among them, are Volkova descendants through their former school director, Anne Wooliams (presently director of the Australian Ballet), and their ballet master, Alan Beale, both Volkova-trained. And, of course, a concentration of Volkova disciples work, dance, and teach in Denmark's Royal Theater and School, with Kehlet as Volkova's most likely teaching heir.

And now another "royal" company, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, can lay claim to this great lady, for not only does a major disciple, David Moroni, continue her methods in the classroom, but 80 percent of the dancers in the Royal Winnipeg Ballet are products, directly or through Spohr and Moroni, of Vera Volkova. It is hardly surprising, then, that this small company—it is not nearly as big as Canada's National Ballet—has been triumphant onstage in Vaganova's and Volkova's hometown of Leningrad, where *Pravda* critics praised it for "mastery of classical movement" and "exquisite artistry."

During my stay here in Winnipeg, I've seen not only Volkova-rooted classes but also a performance by the Royal Winnipeggers at the handsome Centennial Concert Hall. The program featured an elegant and choreographically imaginative new classical ballet by Stuart Sebastian to Alexander Glazounov's *The Seasons* (with striking set and costumes by Gwen Keatley), danced with "mastery of classical movement"; *Adagietto*, choreographed to the fourth movement of Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 5 by the gifted, often strikingly original, occasionally disorderly Oscar Araiz and performed with "exquisite artistry" by Bonnie Wyckoff and Gary Norman; and two other ballets (one of them Kurt Jooss's *The Green Table*, created in 1932, an all-time modern ballet classic with its biting, frightening, antiwar message), danced with a dramatic power, a vividness and, yes, with that very urgency of action that made a Volkova class not merely an exposure to historic body disciplines, but rather an adventure into the miracles of movement, classically based but renewed and reborn in each dancer . . . in continuum . . . as long as the teaching spirit of Vera Volkova prevails in Leningrad, in Copenhagen, in Winnipeg. ◉

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Television

Tapping Riches the Networks Ignore

by Karl E. Meyer

On seeing *The American Short Story*, a new PBS series, I confess my first reaction was one of anger and frustration. Let me hastily add that this was not because the four programs I saw were bad or inept. On the contrary—it was because they were so good. One got an exasperated sense of the literary riches available to the networks if program executives ever dared film anything but topical best sellers.

The PBS series is a visual anthology of nine short stories by American authors ranging from Bierce to Updike. It will be seen on six consecutive Tuesdays, beginning on April 5, at 8:00 P.M. (EST) on most public stations. Since the programs vary in length from 28 to 55 minutes, there will be double-deckers on three evenings.

A sampling persuaded me that the short story is an almost ideal vehicle for television adaptation. Its unities are compressed, and it makes only a single, vivid statement —the short-story teller is like a sharpshooter firing a silver bullet. Each of the four very different tales I previewed was either a bull's-eye or respectably close to being one.

The lead-off story, "Bernice Bobs Her Hair," is an engaging bit of fluff by F. Scott Fitzgerald about coming of age in Minnesota around 1910. Bernice (Shelley Duvall) is the dull country cousin who is the summer guest of the flirtatious Marjorie (Veronica Cartwright). Under Marjorie's tutelage, Bernice acquires the art of catching the eye of teen-age males. Soon she is outdoing her instructor. Bernice startles a dinner party by announcing that she is even going to bob her hair, just like a movie vamp. "My motto," says Bernice, "is that you have to amuse people, feed 'em, or shock 'em." The story ends with a nice little snip, not to be revealed here.

Shelley Duvall in "Bernice Bobs Her Hair."

If the tale is sweet as caramel and light as a feather boa, it is redeemed by the high style of Miss Duvall's acting and the direction of Joan Micklin Silver, who also wrote the script. Like Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness*, it recalls an American era so innocently remote from our own that it is like a valentine mailed from a different planet.

"Almos' a Man," by Richard Wright, is set in the sharecropper's South during the 1930s. This, too, is absolutely first-class. As a sixteen-year-old black boy named David, LeVar Burton (who played a major role in *Roots*) is hypnotically believable. Determined to prove his manhood, David acquires a six-shooter and, with wavering aim, accidentally kills his mule. Director Stan Lathan extracts every drop from the story without a touch of saccharine or racial sermonizing.

For contrast, I also previewed two "difficult" short stories: "The Jolly Corner," by Henry James, and "The Music School," by John Updike. (For the record, the other stories are "I'm a Fool," by Sherwood Anderson; "Soldier's Home," by Hemingway; "Parker Adderson, Philosopher," by Ambrose Bierce; "The Blue Hotel," by Stephen Crane; and "The Displaced Person," by Flannery O'Connor.)

The James story, written in the master's later manner, comes off very well indeed on television. It is an odd fact that Henry James was a thwarted and failed playwright, but that in television adaptations (e.g., of his novels *The Golden Bowl* and *The Spoils of Poynton*) all his magic comes through. "The Jolly Corner" is a ghost story, but the ghost is the person that the hero (Fritz Weaver) might have been if he had not left New York and lived for thirty-three years in Europe. Arthur Barron, the director, turns the screw skillfully, though I do wish that, as in the short story, Weaver's spectral other self had been shown with two fingers missing.

Updike's tale is a challenge because all the action occurs inside the head of the main character, a writer (Ron Weyand) who muses about the queer interconnection between a change in Catholic ritual, the murder of a friend, and infidelity. All of this is visually orchestrated by director John Korty, who catches the obliquities of a rainbow seen in a dewdrop.

Let the record note that the series was made possible by a $2 million grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH), that the executive producer was Robert Geller, that Colleen Dewhurst will introduce each program, and that the series will be presented by the South Carolina Educational Television Network. There is more good news: Geller and Company are applying for another NEH grant to do a second anthology. The bad news is that, if the grant is made, we will still have to wait until 1979 to see the result.

What we really need, and don't have, is the network equivalent of the 1930s *Mercury Theater*, presented by Orson Welles and John Houseman (the latter will appear, by the way, in the O'Connor story). What we need is a year-round repertory company on commercial television that can give us a weekly short story to season the usual tripe. Someday, maybe, it will happen. But don't hold your breath. ◉

Wit Twister No. 93

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

I thrust the heavy — — — — aside.
There — — — — and my — — — — bride
Lay locked in some — — — — lovers' dream.
I let her — — — — to hear him scream.

Contributed by Jan Friedson, Kaneohe, Hawaii

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Booked for Travel

The Game of the Name

by Horace Sutton

THE phenomenal television success of *Roots*, which fascinated the country and even cheered it through the cold winter, has awakened a deep curiosity in this nation of immigrants. The eight-part television series and the book, now headed toward its eighteenth printing, have provided a whole serious sense of purpose to what might have been a perfunctory tour of Europe.

If Alex Haley could follow the thinnest threads of ancestral evidence to Gambia, in black Africa, similar searches in white Europe ought to be easy, and no less entrancing. Almost all Western European nations, and a few in Eastern Europe, are making a spirited effort—ancestral searches *do* bring hard dollars—to encourage Americans to search for their own roots on the ground. It may prove summer's biggest travel game.

The chase is easiest in Britain and in Ireland. Of the 200 most common names in America, 183 derive from Great Britain. Chalk out those citizens who are black—slaves were usually renamed with their master's name—and those who Anglicized their names.

Few family names, at least in Britain, go back more than 900 years, and most can be divided into four types. Either the name is based on profession, such as Cooper, Smith (for blacksmith), Turner (one who operated a lathe), or Spencer (one who dispensed articles); or on personal appearance—Brown, White, or even Morris (a corruption of Moorish, meaning dark-skinned); or on the area of origin (names ending in *ham* or *ton* are typical); or on a father's name—*Fitz*, *O'*, *Mac*, are all versions of "son of," and so are *Up* or *Ap*, a Welsh style.

In Wales, Updike was the son of Dike. Blood may well have been not a slaughterer of pigs but a mispronounced, misspelled form of Ap-Lloyd, son of Lloyd. Endicott, so popular in Massachusetts, indicated that the original owner of the name lived in the end cottage. And John Atwood lived near a forest. A Lao of my acquaintance, married to an American, named her son Bradford, surely not knowing that the first Bradfords lived at the "broad ford" of a stream.

If Frank Gifford is listening, he might be interested to learn that his name, of Scottish derivation, is based on personal appearance of an ancestor and means "fat cheeks."

Most Western European nations—Britain, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries particularly—urge the ancestor hunter to do a little prior research before embarking upon safari. In tracing the oldest ancestor, date of birth, occupation, religion, marriage, birth dates of children, will all prove helpful. In Britain, the College of Arms offers advice on drawing a family tree. Parish registers—there are 14,000 parish churches in England—are the best source of information before 1837, when civil registration of births, marriages, and deaths was made mandatory in England and Wales. Some parish records go back to 1538.

The Scots Ancestry Research Society, which is nonprofit but charges fees that range from £2.50 for registering to a top of £30 for tracing an ancestral line, answers inquiries addressed to it at 20 York Place, Edinburgh, EH 1 3 EP, Scotland.

In Northern Ireland, Protestant marriages have been registered since 1845. The Catholics got around to it in 1864, by which time both faiths commenced registering births and deaths as well.

The Genealogical Office of Ireland's National Library will embark on a research into Irish family background, a five-hour plunge into musty records that will cost about $20. The office gets about 10,000 queries a year—pre-*Roots*—mostly from the U.S., Canada, and Australia, but

Names to Be Reckoned With

Of the 200 most frequently found names in the United States, 183 are of British origin. Here are some with their meanings:

MARTIN	of French origin, from Latin: warlike
HARRIS	Harry's son
YOUNG	father was young
GREEN	lives near village green
BURNS	dweller near a brook
CARTER	driver of cart
FOSTER	keeper of the forest
HOWARD	from hayward, keeper of the hay
MORGAN	Welsh, for white
ROSS	dweller on a peninsula
RUSSELL	from old French, *roussell*: red-haired
STEWART	sty warden or pig keeper
REYNOLDS	son of Reynold (Rheinhold or Renault)
JENKINS	son of John
JORDAN	after the Jordan River (many Crusaders brought back vials of water from the Jordan for christenings)
BOYD	Irish: yellow face
PERKINS	from Peterkins, son of Peter
RILEY	dweller near a rye field

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also from South Africa, from New Zealand, and from Rhodesians possibly seeking an Irish link on which to base a qualification for a new passport. The office does about 1,000 commissioned reports a year.

Possessed of a detective's fascination for working tiny detail into an airtight solution, the genealogical people are euphoric when they can frolic along the ancestral trail, equipped with the barest snippets of supportive information. Donal Begley of the Genealogical Office recalls an American named Dineen, who arrived in Ireland armed with little more than the general area from which his forebears had come. The conversation proceeded like this:

BEGLEY: With a name like Dineen you must be from Cork?
DINEEN: Yes, my grandfather was from County Cork.
BEGLEY: From Ballyvourney, by any chance?
DINEEN: Yes, from near Ballyvourney. How can you tell?
BEGLEY: Because you're the splitting image of an old man named Dineen I remember seeing in the house where I stayed in 1948 when I went to Ballyvourney to learn Irish.

An American named Antrobus, who emigrated at the age of eighteen from Warwickshire, knew that his father's family came from Cheshire. In the belief that his family cognomen derived from a placename, he looked up Antrobus in *Bartholomew's Gazetteer*. Finding the listing, he returned to England recently and mapped the route toward his ancestral home. Soon he looked up, to see his name on a signpost. Driving up to the post office in the center of town, he presented himself as a true Antrobus from America. "That so?" mused the postmaster. "We had two of you here yesterday from Australia."

The American Antrobus bought some postcards and had the postmaster frank them with the family name. The postcards disclosed the intelligence that clan Antrobus had Norman derivations, probably coming from ancestors who lived *entre bois*, between some woods. He was the first of his immediate family ever to have searched for the Antrobus roots.

UNLIKE the Irish, some of whose records have been destroyed in various "troubles" dating as far back as Cromwell, the Swedes have kept their civil data with regularity and perseverance. Still, the Swedes emphasize that any ancestral search is a twofold project, the first dealing with the family in the United States, and its records, and the second with the family in Sweden. Ancestors cannot be found unless the homework has been thorough. Birth dates, names of parishes, and, if possible, the name of the *län*, or district, in which the parish is located are needed.

Swedes, as did other immigrants, often changed their names on arrival in America, either because they wanted them Anglicized (or the immigration officer preferred it that way), or they wished them shortened, or they found, to their undoing, that their Swedish name had some derogatory meaning in English.

Even those ancestor hunters equipped with solid information may find, on arriving in Sweden, that they need not only a working knowledge of the native language, but also a facility for translating the old German script in which, until the end of the eighteenth century, Swedish records were usually kept. Take heart. After all, Alex Haley found Kunta Kinte in Gambia. Besides, the Genealogical Association (107 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84111), affiliated with the Mormon Church, may well be of help. It maintains a collection of church and legal records that have been microfilmed and are available on 35 mm film.

The Norwegians warn hunters that you can't find *all* your ancestors, and even finding some of them will take patience, luck, and money. Given every advantage, a visitor will find tracing a line further back than the seventeenth century difficult at best. Few complete records were kept before then.

In the early days, Norwegians were known by their father's name and their own given name. Hákon's daughter would become Hákonsdatter and would be given a name—say, Sigrid. A third name, indicating a place of abode, might also be added.

All this *turismo di ritorno* is a project in which the Italian government has shown an interest, though an observer might evaluate it as less than ardent. Italo-Americans, most of whose forebears came from southern Italy or Sicily, are greeted with

"Felt divine today. . . ."

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elaborate homecomings. Family conventions of immense size are organized, whole animals are slaughtered, and wine flows. Sicily, as a regional entity, has underwritten a number of "returns." A specialty in that sort of excursion has been made by Petrillo Tours, in Rockland County, New York, and Di Carlo Tours (151 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018).

Even though there are some 2 million Italo-Americans in New York (making it one of the world's largest Italian cities) and the Irish count 17 million Americans with links to the old country, Germans estimate there are 26 million German-Americans with ties strong enough to set off a search for roots in the fatherland.

The German connection, so camouflaged or so forthrightly jettisoned during two wars, is now warming to encouragement from Bonn. Those who embark on the search will find the trail obscured by the partition of the land into two nations. The East German regime doesn't encourage Americans to come foraging through civil records. Moreover, there are such other impediments as the transfer of territory, once German, to Poland.

One German civil servant, resident in America, recently found himself faced with his two daughters who, matriculating in American schools, had participated in a class discussion of the televised version of *Roots*. The girls were encouraged, by teacher and classmate, to discuss their German roots, and demanded from their father specifics about the ancestral origins. As it happened, the German's family had come from a part of Germany now Polish. "Then we are Polish," the girls decided. "No," said Father, "we are German." Familiar with the name the Poles had bestowed on his homeland, he is more fortunate than would be most German-Americans, who would have to know the original name of their village in the eastern sector of Germany ceded to Poland, and, as well, the new name in Polish. Similar changes were made in Alsace and Lorraine, which were in German hands from 1870 to 1918, under the French flag between wars, German again until 1945, and, since then, French once more.

German-Americans may find some help in the National Archives and Records Service, General Services Administration, 7th St. and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20408. Census records from 1790 to 1890, which embrace the principal centurial years of German emigration, are on microfilm at Building 22—MOT, Bayonne, N.J. 07002. R. R. Bowker publishes an encyclopedia of German-American research, and Adler's Foreign Books, 162 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010, will take orders for *How To Find My German Ancestors and Relatives,* by Dr. Heinz F. Friederichs.

The Poles have been trying to prepare a program for ancestor-hunting Polish-Americans, but thus far there has been little beyond charter flights organized by private travel agencies. The Kosciuszko Foundation sponsors a summer study program in Poland that invites students and adults to enroll in courses in language, history, and culture; the economic structure and foreign trade systems of modern Poland; folk arts and folk dance. (The Kosciuszko Foundation is located at 15 East 65th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.)

The Czechs, through Cedok, the government travel office, and CSA, the government airline, say that no restrictions are placed on Czech-Americans except that they must exchange a minimum of $10 a day for ten days into Czech crowns. But the Czech situation has been muddied recently by the arrest, search, and detention of Western correspondents en route out of the country. Such a hardening of relations may presage widening restraints that could conceivably entoil Czech-Americans, too.

Foreign airlines, such as CSA and Poland's LOT, do a lively business in transporting Americans of middle-European ancestry back to the old country. Lately, Pan American has been making a spirited bid for this trade, using television and radio to beam messages across the country that remind us that "we are a nation of immigrants," and that "every American has two heritages." Then comes the sell: "Let Pan American help you discover the other one," the announcer says.

The only negative response has come from a few American Indians who, offended, declared, "We have only one heritage; we don't have to go anywhere." ◉

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Manner of Speaking

Cases of Conscience: Setting the Record Straight

by John Ciardi

DEAR SIR: It is not true that I called you a yellow rat. I have never met you in any well-lighted place and have, therefore, no distinct impression of your hue. Since I have never seen a yellow rat, and do not know that there is such a thing, I called my friend Isaac Asimov. He said he could not positively assert that there was no species of rat with a markedly yellowish tinge, but that he had never heard of one, and that, if it existed at all, it would be rare. You, I submit, are no rarity, but are about as common as fleas on a hound.

For all these reasons, I could not be in a position to release the information you have received. I am not qualified to describe your tint, and I have not done so.

Nor is it true, as a statement of the facts will demonstrate, that I called you a stink.

I happened to be dining with my wife at a good restaurant when I noticed a powerful change in the air quality. I complained to the waiter, who replied with two separate statements: (a) that he could do nothing about it, and (b) that you had just walked in.

I know of no process of reason that would allow me to come to a sound conclusion based on (a) the waiter's personal inability to cope, and (b) your presence there. I can and do report that we had finished our dinner, that the situation became unbreathable within thirty seconds of your arrival, and that we left.

Since we found the outside air to be clean and fresh, I was able to conclude (a) that the pollution we had experienced was not caused by fumes from the outside, and (b) that the source of the pollution must have been within the restaurant itself. I also noted (c) that there had been no detectable pollution before your arrival. This third term, however, does not lead to a defensible conclusion, but can only suggest a range of probabilities.

As a fisherman casts in a likely spot without certain knowledge of what will happen (to use a metaphor), I may have asserted that *if* I were out collecting stinks, and *if* I had, for that purpose, a device called a Relative Stinkometer, capable of relating stinks to one another in the order of their intensity, and *if* I were under some pressure to record a maximum reading, I would be tempted, simply as a venture into probability, to turn the Stinkometer in your direction first off.

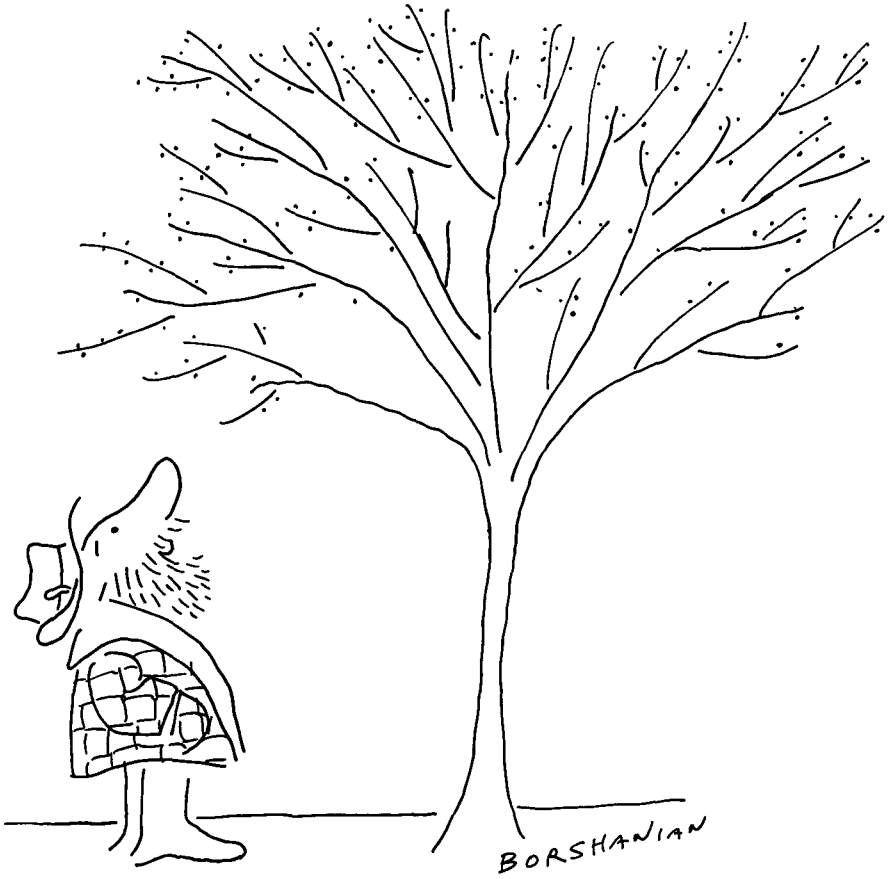
I can see from your letter that life has not been kind to you. It cannot be easy to be forced to inhale from the same air mass into which you have just exhaled your own halitosis. One of my relatives once had the same problem. He was allergic to inhaling his own exhale. He had to breathe out into a suction device that filtered his breath through an acid solution and condensed it for use as a defoliant. He had then to turn to inhale, and turn again to exhale into the suction device. He was on the way to developing his neck muscles to the point of deformity when it occurred to him to take up stunt flying—in an open-cockpit plane.

It is curious by what strange turnings we achieve our life goals. He became the dean of the Hollywood stunt fliers. He died (alas, though gloriously) when his plane crashed while he was attempting an Immelmann turn in the Astrodome at half time. In tribute to his memory, the second half was delayed by ten minutes for Astroturf replacement, and again by thirty seconds of silence—a new record for delay-of-game.

I cannot estimate your aptitudes as a stunt flier, but I am inclined to believe that your end might produce a memorial silence surpassing his mark, and that it might even establish a record that would stand for all eternity.

I use stunt flying only as an illustration. Motorcycle jumping, hang gliding, or shark wrestling will easily do as well. I stand prepared to memorialize any end you come to with the totality of my silence. As evidence of good faith, I pledge myself to begin my contribution at once, pausing only to hope you will provide occasion for it at your earliest convenience.

Caetera desunt,
/s/ John Ciardi ◉



"Go, buds, go!"

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Diversions

Answers to Questions I Wish Readers Would Ask Me

by Leo Rosten

IT SHOULD be no news to readers of this page that I am a junkie—hopelessly hooked on facts. Any facts. The outlandisher the better. Facts mesmerize me. They nourish my soul. They pour iron into my blood. Just as some kookerinos get their kicks from collecting matchbooks, blazer buttons, or, for all I know, Assyrian dental floss, I just can't help collecting foolish facts. I stash them away the way a squirrel hoards nuts. I simply dote on data. I am a fact *pusher*, as well. So:

1. In the Trobriand Islands, lovers at the apogee of passion bite off each other's eyelashes. (That's what a drunken anthropologist once swore to me.)

2. Peter the Great decapitated one of his paramours, a Mrs. Mary Hamilton, pickled her head, and kept it in his boudoir. Peter liked to have the ladies lose their heads over him, but those who were unfaithful to him lost their heads in the literal sense.

3. Minnows in Thailand can reach a length of eight feet, and a weight of 300 pounds.

I'll bet you never knew *any* of this.

My frustration lies in the fact that I mosey around with a treasury of trivia in my head, but rarely find the opportunity to flash samples of my factophilia and astound all within earshot. I have walked around for years yearning for friends to ask me questions to which I have the most astonishing answers. I open my fan mail each day with eagerness, hoping that a reader pining for knowledge will ask me for definitive replies to such beauties as "What famous playwright used the pen name 'Hermione Whittlebot'?" Or, "What great astronomer lost the tip of his nose in a duel and thereafter wore a filler of gold, which he periodically glued into place?" Or even, "Are violin strings really made of catgut?"*

Well, I have learned to live with the incurious. I have even learned to get as much pleasure out of asking myself questions, and promptly supplying the answers, as I get from waiting around for friends to test my niscience: God forbid you should think me bucking for omniscience.

Here are some questions I asked myself only this morning, and answered with scornful aplomb:

Did American Indians think their names a real, integral part of themselves?

Yes. They were convinced that if anyone pronounced their names malevolently, their souls or spirits would be gravely diminished. Either that, or their elbows would know the heartbreak of psoriasis.

Why is the obelisk in Central Park called Cleopatra's Needle?

Because some damn flack with a flair for phrases got away with it. Actually, there are *two* obelisks misnamed so picturesquely: the one in New York's Central Park and the one on the Thames Embankment in London. And neither has the slightest connection with Cleopatra. The shafts could more properly be called Thotmes's Thimble or Alexander's Hypodermic, because they were erected by King Thotmes III, sometime around 1500 B.C., in the metropolis of Alexandria, Egypt.

The largest obelisk of all, which was put up in Karnak, Egypt, is now in Rome; but no Italian in his right mind would call it Cleopatra's Needle. When I asked one sardonic Roman what *he* called the obelisk he said, "Whistler's Father."

Do African natives tell their children the story of Snow White? Hansel and Gretel? Little Red Riding Hood?

You certainly came to the right *maven*. In Africa, the tale of Hansel and Gretel is often told to the kiddies, but with one important difference: the house of the witch is not made of cake, but of salt. South of the Sahara, salt is much more highly prized than cake.

Snow White's adventures are solemnly recounted in the once dark continent, but in the regions where no one has ever seen snow, the heroine is sensibly called "Flower White."

As for Little Red Riding Hood, the kid doesn't get much of a play south of Suez, except in Communist countries, where red is the right color for hoods—and unsurpassed for hoodwinking. ◉

*The answers are: Noel Coward; Tycho Brahe; and fiddle strings are made not of cat's guts but of sheep's intestines.

"I made $8.25 today. What did you make?"

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Light Refractions

Jack the Alleged Ripper?

by Thomas H. Middleton

I've mentioned a letter I got from Gerald B. Mathias of the department of East Asian languages at the University of Hawaii at Manoa. He had objected to the use of "between twenty to thirty" instead of "between twenty and thirty." "From twenty to thirty" and "between twenty and thirty" make sense; "between twenty to thirty" doesn't.

Mr. Mathias also enclosed a list of sentences he had culled from various periodicals—sentences, he says, "of the sort that, when examined, ought not to make sense, but which are produced by native speakers of English and which are probably understood as intended in spite of their illogicalness. I use them when a student complains about an occasional illogical sentence in Japanese (very noticeable because most students have to decode Japanese sentences word by word and grammatical function by grammatical function instead of simply reading and understanding them)."

His list contains some real puzzlers, such as "The need for coolness and proper rescue procedures were never more in demand," which he found in the Bloomington, Indiana, *Herald-Telephone* and which is virtually unparsable, but which somehow communicates its meaning.

I liked "Ford neck in neck with Reagan," which Mr. Mathias spotted in the March 8, 1976, issue of *Time*.

The sentence that I responded to most strongly, though, was another from the *Herald-Telephone*: "The officers said [the man] allegedly would not get out of his car."

"Allegedly" and "alleged" have been so overused that at times they are quite meaningless. I suppose their use in news reports arose to avoid such legal difficulties as the prejudicing of juries. "The killer lives at 322 West Grand Street" is obviously an inappropriate pretrial statement if it refers to someone who has been arrested on suspicion of murder. "The alleged killer lives at 322 West Grand Street" removes some of the curse. I thought "alleged" was unnecessary, though, when I heard the term "alleged murderer" applied to a man who had clearly gone berserk, entered a classroom with a loaded rifle, and killed some of the students and wounded others.

"Alleged" was surely unnecessary in a radio report I heard that said, "The alleged suspect was apprehended in a parking lot in West Los Angeles." Alleged *suspect*? And a few weeks ago, a man kidnapped a mortgage company director and held him hostage for three days and two nights, keeping a loaded shotgun wired around his neck—its muzzle pointing squarely at the man's head. After the kidnapper released the hostage, I heard a radio announcer refer to the "alleged hostage." Not the "alleged kidnapper," which itself wouldn't make much sense; but "alleged hostage," which makes practically none.

I think I heard the ultimate in "alleged" absurdity, though, when a news report referred to a corpse with several bullet holes in it as "the alleged victim." Presumed shot until proven faking it, I suppose.

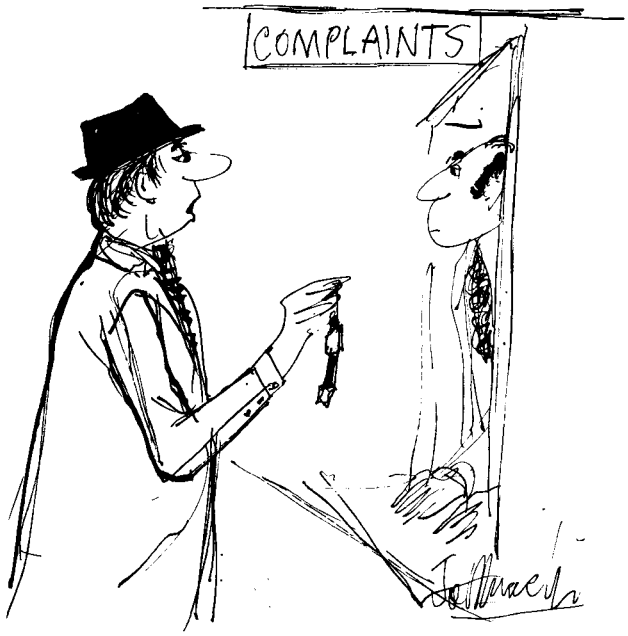
That reminds me of another phrase that rankles: "A man is innocent until he's proven guilty." We hear that all the time, but it makes no sense.

If it were true that a man is innocent until proven guilty, one of the most important jobs of every prosecuting attorney would be to frame innocent men.

The presumption of innocence as a legal concept is one thing; it lays the burden of proof upon the accusers. But it doesn't mean that a man is innocent until he's proven guilty. In our legal system, an innocent man may, of course, be found, or "proven," guilty, just as a guilty man may be found innocent. We hope that the system works sufficiently well that innocence or guilt may be properly established, but if a member of the city planning commission gets a $25,000 bribe from a land developer, both the commissioner and the developer are guilty even if no one but the briber and the bribee knows anything about the bribe.

The presumption of innocence before the establishment of guilt is sound legal theory, but "A man is innocent until he's proven guilty" is another of those sentences Mr. Mathias refers to "that, when examined, ought not to make sense, but . . . which are probably understood as intended in spite of their illogicalness."

I think these sentences are the result of the speakers' lack of thought about what they're saying. "They said that" and "They alleged that" are almost identical in meaning. Mr. Mathias's example, "The officers said [the man] allegedly would not get out of his car," is gibberish. As a spoken sentence, it might indicate nervousness on the part of the speaker. As part of a written story, it's close to inexcusable. ◉



"My digital watch doesn't digit."

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World Progress Report

Radical Thinking

The ability of soybeans and other legumes to manufacture their own nitrogen fertilizer out of thin air is the envy of agricultural scientists, who worry about the necessity of dosing other food crops with increasing amount of energy-expensive, man-made nitrogen compounds to sustain high yields. The legumes' apparent talent is actually a gift from bacteria belonging to the genus *Rhizobium*. They provide the plant with food, in return for room and board in the plant's root nodules. The rhizobia break down the sugar produced by the plant's leaves during photosynthesis and combine the resulting atoms of hydrogen with atoms of atmospheric and soil nitrogen to make amino acids, the basic units for the proteins that the plant needs in order to grow.

Investigating this basic symbiosis, Oregon State University researchers have come up with a way to go Mother Nature one better by improving the efficiency of nitrogen fixation and potentially increasing soybean yields by as much as 10 percent.

Headed by Dr. Harold J. Evans, the team of researchers from OSU's department of botany and plant pathology determined that the common rhizobia found on the roots of soybeans use about 12 percent of the photosynthetic energy produced by the plant, but that almost half of the rest of this energy is lost in the form of unused hydrogen atoms released from the roots into the air. However, the researchers found that other strains of rhizobia can use more of the available hydrogen to make amino acids. Under experimental conditions at Oregon State, the inoculation of soybean roots with these harder-working strains of bacteria has resulted in more beans per plant.

Double Dips Without Drips

Now that science has produced the electric carving knife, the throwaway double-bladed razor, and the plastic pop bottle, the next giant step for civilized man seems to be dripless ice cream. The ordinary confection, as every sticky-fingered drip-licker knows, runs rapidly down both the inside and the outside of the cone after a few minutes. The new ice cream, developed by scientists at Michigan State University, resists the force of gravity and the laws of thermodynamics for 20 to 40 minutes in a cone at room temperature.

Local residents and MSU students have reportedly tried the dripless dessert and found its taste equal or even superior to that of the kind that melts outside your mouth. The reports from the MSU labs do not suggest, however, what good it will do to have ice cream that tastes good but isn't soft and runny enough to be sucked through a hole in the bottom of the cone.

Home Away from Home

Foster homes have historically been a refuge of last resort for children with no place else to go. An enterprising Arizona social worker has now adapted the foster-home idea to the needs of adults who are unable to live alone because of age or illness, and for whom society has found no more congenial alternative than the nursing home.

Like many children of aging parents, Muriel Sieh tried one nursing home after another—a total of 12 in two years—for her father, whose aging problem was complicated by Parkinson's disease. Finally, in desperation, Sieh contracted with a sympathetic family to give her father the competent special care he needed in their own home. "He gained twenty pounds in three weeks, and his medical bills dropped from ninety dollars to nineteen dollars a month," Sieh recalls.

"If I could do it for him, I can do it for others," she decided. The result of her efforts is the Arizona Adult Foster Home Registry, which functions as a matchmaker between people who need homes and care, and caring homes with room for more people. The prospective boarders—who are usually older people referred by doctors, nurses, lawyers, and other professionals—pay the registry a fee for checking their references, conducting thorough physical examinations, and, in general, smoothing the transition from the client's former situation to the foster home. The foster homes, which Sieh finds through contacts with civic and social groups, charge from $150 to $600 per month, according to the standard of living in the home and the amount and kind of special care the foster resident requires.

In its first 14 months of operation, the registry has placed 40 foster residents. Thanks to her organization, says Sieh, "these people don't have to go to the state hospital. Once you enter at that age, you're never going to come out of the state hospital again." —ANTHONY WOLFF

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PERSONALS

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 44):
veil, Levi, evil, vile, live

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

						1 I	2 D	3 C	4 U	5 T	6 H	7 V	8 Q	9 A	10 P		11 K
12 Q		13 E	14 B	15 W		16 J	17 B	18 N	19 M	20 L	21 Q	22 T	23 I		24 G	25 A	26 W
	27 E	28 N	29 D	30 S	31 I		32 N	33 B	34 R	35 S	36 V	37 C	38 J		39 S	40 A	41 E
42 G	43 J		44 L	45 T	46 M		47 K	48 A	49 S	50 D	51 F		52 N	53 C		54 T	55 F
56 D		57 O	58 H	59 P	60 C	61 L	62 J	63 S	64 V	65 U		66 P	67 F	68 S	69 Q	70 E	71 C
72 H	73 D	74 W	75 R		76 S	77 I	78 N		79 R	80 F	81 J	82 G	83 W		84 Q	85 F	
86 O	87 C	88 U		89 B	90 R	91 Q	92 I		93 P	94 S	95 D	96 K		97 N		98 F	99 L
100 S	101 J	102 V	103 O	104 N		105 E	106 H	107 N	108 Q	109 V	110 F	111 R	112 P	113 D		114 M	115 P
116 O	117 H	118 T		119 Q	120 F	121 G	122 K	123 R	124 S		125 G	126 B	127 U		128 F	129 S	130 V
131 D		132 H	133 J	134 P	135 N	136 S	137 E		138 O		139 B	140 Q	141 S	142 H		143 A	144 T
145 F	146 P	147 W	148 E	149 N	150 R		151 I	152 H	153 V		154 C	155 G	156 N	157 S	158 E		159 A
160 D	161 F	162 R	163 W	164 Q	165 L		166 S	167 I	168 B	169 H	170 C	171 T	172 N	173 G	174 K		175 P
	176 G	177 M	178 H	179 U	180 B	181 J	182 D	183 E	184 O		185 F	186 L	187 I	188 T		189 T	
190 M	191 W	192 D		193 B	194 N	195 O	196 E		197 T	198 Q	199 F						

Number 120

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Fully, quite	9 25 40 48 143 159
B. 1924 Rudolf Friml musical (2 wds.)	168 180 193 17 89 126 139 14 33
C. *Trifling, worthless*	37 60 71 87 154 170 3 53
D. County in Scotland, formerly Haddingtonshire (2 wds.)	56 95 113 192 50 73 2 29 160 182 131
E. Assumed as a responsibility	158 13 27 70 105 137 148 183 196 41
F. "Ourself will mingle with society/And play _____," says Macbeth (3 wds.)	51 67 85 98 120 161 128 145 185 55 80 110 199
G. Hall of Odin, destined for reception of dead heroes	176 24 82 125 155 173 121 42
H. Thumbs	58 106 6 132 152 72 169 117 142 178
I. One who shuns or avoids	187 1 23 77 92 151 167 31
J. Sharp-crested ridges carved by wind from soft but coherent deposits	43 62 81 101 133 181 16 38
K. "I think _____ of the soul," says Malvolio (*Twelfth Night*)	96 11 47 122 174
L. Braque, Dufy, Matisse, Rouault, etc.	165 44 99 186 20 61

CLUES	WORDS
M. Under obligation	177 190 19 46 114 28 78 104
N. Actions, conditions, etc., that obstruct progress toward an objective	149 194 97 32 52 135 18 107 156 172
O. Viral disease of sheep and goats, also called scabby mouth or sore mouth	103 116 57 86 184 195 138
P. Survived	59 115 66 134 175 10 93 112 146
Q. Fraud, phony, bluffer	119 69 140 8 12 164 198 21 84 108 91
R. Kicks the bucket (2 wds.)	150 90 111 162 79 123 34 75
S. Twelfth-century fortress in Koblenz, West Germany	129 94 124 30 63 141 68 136 35 76 166 39 157 49 100
T. Conveying messages, making announcements	197 171 188 5 22 189 54 144 45 118
U. Ancient town in Cilicia, Asia Minor	179 88 127 4 65
V. Bear, tolerate	7 109 64 130 102 36 153
W. Vanquished	15 74 147 26 191 163 83

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 119* appears on page 47.

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